

# THE GRAPHIC

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## SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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### NATAL DAY REFLECTIONS

BIRTHDAY anniversaries are, as a rule, celebrated by the young. Youth looks forward, age looks back, but age does not care to call attention to its increasing years. It strives, rather, to forget the flight of time, and tries to hide its ravages. This, by way of preliminary to a birthday anniversary which The Graphic is celebrating with this issue. Seventeen years old today, good folks, and in honor of the milestone a handsome cover, having a quaint design, drawn by that capable young artist and clever illustrator, Mr. Ralph Fullerton Mocine, is herewith included, to be henceforth a permanent accompaniment of The Graphic.

With nice discernment, Mr. Mocine has diffused in his drawing the atmosphere of the contents. The bookish figure seated at an open volume, with choice tomes within reach, may be regarded as the confirmed browser, just returned from his weekly invasion of the Old Book Shop, and engaged in the pleasurable task of telling his readers of joys experienced. Note the outlines of the Franciscan mission silhouetted against the California sky, forming a background for the books. The tower, the belfry and the red-tiled roof give a suggestion of the environment, and remind the far-away subscriber of this ineffable climate he or she is missing. Momus, with his mask removed, smiles satirically from the lower right hand corner, and Thespis, at the left, is seen with a more tragic cast. One typifies the lighter sallies, the efforts to amuse that find place within, the other is symbolical of the deeper emotions, hinting of the tragedies of life that must receive their meed of attention. That this innovation will make The Graphic still more welcome in the many delightful homes in Southern California, where it is a weekly visitor, is fondly hoped. That it will better attract the roving eye of the chance buyer at book-store, news-stand and hotel counter is self-evident.

We have many plans in embryo for the further bettering of The Graphic, making it still more

palatable to the diversified tastes of its readers. That there is room for such a publication as we have endeavored to present is assured, but how much better it becomes depends largely on the encouragement it receives. There is enough of gross materialism in the daily papers to surfeit everybody; the province of The Graphic lies not in that direction. We offer an antidote that shall earnestly strive to lead the thoughts into less sordid channels, to hold fast to that which is best worth while, to continue to show honest contempt for humbugs and pretenses of all types, and to introduce to the notice of our readers old friends and new that are conducive to a higher life. This is a pleasant task we have set ourselves; that it may prove profitable as well surely is not an unworthy desire. Discriminating reader, it is for you say how many happy returns of the day shall be possible. May we, in the language of Alexander Pope be—

Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,  
And count each birthday with a grateful mind.

We cannot hope to compete in circulation with our gymnastic brethren of the daily press, but if we can gain the eye and goodwill of the leaven in the lump, the cream of the collection, we shall be more than content.

### PEERS ARTFULLY DEFER TO PEOPLE

THERE is no surprise over the rejection of the financial budget by the British House of Lords. It is the expected that has happened. Such astute thinkers as Lords Rosebery, Morley, Balfour, Cromer and the archbishops of Canterbury and York led the Liberal forces and urged compliance with the bill reported from the House of Commons, but by a vote of 350 to 75 the amendment offered by Lord Lansdowne, declaring for a referendum, was adopted. This means that the budget will go to the people for approval or rejection. The course of procedure is for the government, through the ministry, to dissolve the House of Commons and call a general election. Whether the present Liberal parliament shall be sustained in insisting on the budget will be the issue of the campaign. Evidence is plentiful that the people will give a heavy majority in favor of the bill as it stands.

In effect, this attitude of the peers amounts to a forcing of the dissolution of parliament, which, according to the late Mr. Gladstone, is a violation of the British constitution, in that such action implies the possession of a power in the upper chamber to which it is not entitled, at the same time seriously weakening the position of the House of Commons, to which body the ministry is alone responsible. The conservative peers have been shrewd enough to evade this point by pretending they are in favor of the people passing upon the bill, in other words, that they are more democratic than the Liberals. It is a clever political trick to avoid the issue noted, but the result reached is precisely the same. It is extremely doubtful if the electorate will vote to sustain the lords, since that would be tantamount to increasing the powers of the non-elective chamber, thereby impairing seriously the control of the government by the elective body. Certainly, the signs of the times portend no such reactionary leanings. The radicals are rampant just now, the discussion over the budget having injected new life into their ranks.

Between now and January, when the elections will be held, Great Britain will be a tempest-tossed community, with oratorical fervor in evidence at every county seat in the United Kingdom. The nub of the "revolutionary" budget is contained in the proposal to tax the unearned increment of land twenty per cent, when a site is sold, leased for more than twenty-four years, or when the owner dies. This uncovering of a fresh source of direct taxation has aroused the ire of the lords, who will offer the people instead an op-

portunity to adopt tariff "reform," i.e., a protective tariff, or indirect tax, which beautiful alternative, if accepted, can only result in making the rich richer and the poor poorer. It is inevitable, just as Mr. Arthur Chamberlain declared at the Asquith meeting in Birmingham last September, that a protective tariff will raise the cost of almost all the necessities of life, without commensurately increasing the income of the consumers. This is our experience over here, and our tariff "reform" ideas are diametrically opposed to what the British Conservatives are pleased to dub their indirect taxation measure.

### CIVIC DUTY TO ELECT ALEXANDER

WITH the single exception of the belated charge that a bribe was offered City Clerk Leland several years ago to sign the riverbed franchise, the municipal campaign, now almost at a close, has been devoid of pyrotechnic features. A duller pre-election period Los Angeles has not known in ten years, to a certainty. As to the Woolwine-Leland charge, it has its serious side, but we fail to see that it has much bearing on the present issues. Mr. Smith is on record as protesting by his vote the awarding of the franchise; by that official action he deserves to be judged, and there the matter properly ends. Whether Mr. Parker did or did not attempt to debauch a city official, at the time stated, it seems to us is not material. If he did, it was a piece of rank stupidity, wholly aside from the ethical wrong committed; nobody ever accused the Republican local boss of being a fool, which this alleged action infers.

Mr. Smith, of course, is the organization candidate, in a degree. Not all the men who are accustomed to take orders from Mr. Parker can be swung into line at this election, however, nor is it apparent that Smith is being strongly touted as a winner. He might have won if the early, foolish tactics of gridironing Mushet had been continued, but, fortunately for the cause of good government, this unwise plan of procedure was quickly frowned upon by the long-headed Mr. Lissner, who is as clever a campaigner as this city has ever known. The suggestion we urged upon the Good Government leaders, of boldly assuming the onus for an "Uncle Aleck Town" and showing the electorate just what this really means, has been adopted. It is a boomerang for the Smith forces, and should win many votes for the incumbent.

Mayor Alexander, of course, is not responsible for the era of prosperity that has marked the course of his administration—that is absurd. But it is true that his office has been free from all taint of grafting; economy has been practiced in all departments, consistent with efficient service, and the confidence of the people shown not to have been misplaced. With a vivid recollection of the shameful conduct of the former mayor, who owed his election largely to Mr. Smith and those who are now backing him so strongly for office, it is incredible that a majority of the citizens of Los Angeles will vote to repudiate, without cause, the man elected as a protest against official depravity. Mr. Smith, we believe to be honest and well-meaning, but he is foredoomed by his associates. He cannot escape them even were he so minded.

Mr. Alexander is not an ideal candidate; but he is a safe one, and that means much to a city that is spending vast sums in prosecution of public works. His appointments will insure the safeguarding of the people's funds, and the elimination of a dubious crowd from city hall politics for two years at least. To elect him is a civic duty, and with him should go into office the entire Good Government ticket. This is no time to mince matters or to act finicky. Doubtless, that great campaigner, "Barney" Healy, will poll a large vote, but even if he slips into office, he will be in a hopeless minority and can do no harm.

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even if he desired, which we do not believe. However, a solid vote for the entire Good Government ticket is the way to set all doubts at rest.

#### FOR MR. LAFFAN'S SUCCESSOR

CALIFORNIA having given to New York the late William Mackay Laffan, editor of the Sun since 1877, and chief owner of that sprightly and always entertaining newspaper—the newspaperman's paper—since 1900, when he acquired the Dana interests, The Graphic suggests that Mr. Laffan's residuary legatee or legatees repeat the experiment of thirty-two years ago. In other words, select from the San Francisco field, as before, a man suited by ability, temperament and experience to occupy the editorial chair made vacant by the recent death of the brilliant and erudite editor.

To aid in this design and from a motive not entirely philanthropic, since we are still faithful to the Sun of our early youth, we present to the thoughtful consideration of the Sun management the name of Mr. Alfred Holman, the versatile and forceful editor of our northern contemporary, the esteemed Argonaut. Better than any other newspaper man in our purview, Mr. Holman is fitted to succeed Mr. Laffan in the making of a newspaper, whose editorial page shall continue to be a well-spring of delight, a joy to lovers of pure English, and to those who want to get at the heart of a question without having to delve too deeply in extraneous matter. Mr. Holman is essentially a controversialist, and his keen, satirical pen is eminently adapted to carry on the traditions of the editorial page first shaped by that powerful disputant, the elder Dana, and later by the intellectual Laffan.

Like Dana and Laffan, Holman is a clear thinker, and he has none of the odious tricks of newspaper making that mark the trail of the Hearst serpent. He does not believe in evolving a puzzle page of the reading matter, requiring gymnastic feats of the mind to pursue the news sequence. His outlook on life is broad and philosophical; he is a close student of current affairs, skilled in polemics, having the political history of the country at his fingertips, and with a nice appreciation of the relative values of the foremost men of this day and age, both of the mart and the forum. There is nothing insidious in this voluntary tribute to a brother editor. We should be sorry to lose Mr. Holman from California journalism, but our loss would prove the country's gain, and, incidentally, the gain of every reader of the Sun.

#### WELLMAN JOINS WITH PEARY

SIGNS point to a recrudescence of the tiresome Peary-Cook controversy, the arraignment by Walter Wellman, the well-known Washington correspondent and north pole chaser, of Dr. Cook, serving as a starter. Having in mind the perspicacity of Mr. Wellman, his good judgment on matters political and, above all, his keen analysis of the Sampson-Schley entanglement, in which the righteous cause of Admiral Sampson was flawlessly set forth, we have a wholesome respect for his opinion. Nevertheless, in this instance, he is premature; having waited for so long before giving voice to his convictions, he might have remained silent a month or two more, or until the Copenhagen scientists have passed upon the doctor's data submitted, as agreed, to their arbitrament.

While staggered by the plausible deductions made by Mr. Wellman, we have not lost faith in the doctor's ability to silence his critics and to emerge triumphant from the grave charges preferred, first, by Peary—whose north-pole claims have been allowed—and now by so brilliant a newspaper writer as Walter Wellman, himself an authority on arctic exploration. The caustic correspondent does not mince matters. He attacks Dr. Cook's sledging records, and insists that with his light equipment and inefficient organization it was physically impossible, "beyond human power," to do what he claims to have done. Cook's astronomical data, he asserts, are too minutely precise to have been made under the stated conditions in the field, and that the explorer's dash for the lecture platform and his acceptance of "crowns of flowers placed on his head

by innocent women and children," before submitting his field records to scientific examination, all conspire to his discredit.

We must enter a protest to the latter arraignment. Assuming that Dr. Cook is not the imposter Mr. Wellman has prejudged him, why shouldn't he reap what immediate reward for his achievement the lecture platform offered? To wait until the enthusiasm had waned would have meant a marked reduction in attendance, hence in the cash receipts. The doctor is not a rich man; his polar expedition, doubtless, had consumed much of his private fortune and the lectures offered quick reimbursement. If his conscience were clear, he had a perfect right to reap what harvest he could. Mr. Wellman has summed up his deductive observations by declaring that to the trained eye and ear Cook's story is that of a counterfeit presentment, precisely such a story as one might pen . . . hundreds of miles distant from the alleged scene of action.

Speculation at this stage is profitless. We believe the American people—Cook's jury—have made up their minds to abstain from passing judgment until the Copenhagen savants have pronounced their ipse dixit. If they uphold Cook and declare him to be entitled to first honors for north pole attainment, nothing Peary may snarl or Wellman may asseverate will change the popular verdict. If the Danes render an adverse decision, we shall yet hail Dr. Cook as the most stupendous faker of the twentieth century, who, however, has "lied like a gentleman." Full credit will then go to Peary as the pioneer polar discoverer, but children yet unborn, as nonogenarians, will decry his caddish conduct.

#### IN A WEEPY JUSTICE COURT

THERE is a right and a wrong use of the quality of mercy in the consideration of criminals brought to the bar of justice, and it has remained for a police judge of this city to demonstrate how this attribute can be egregiously mal-administered. A few days ago a footpad attacked a woman on one of the well-traversed streets of Los Angeles, and, failing in the efforts to steal her purse, dealt her a blow in the face and ran. He was pursued by the husband and by a policeman, his tricky attempts to evade capture proving conclusively that he was an old hand at the game.

With the overwhelming evidence of his guilt confronting him, the fellow had little chance to escape his deserts, and the justice was offered an excellent opportunity to teach the purse-snatching fraternity a salutary lesson by giving the highwayman the severest penalty the law allows. What happened? The thief's wife appeared to plead for her husband, the victim refused to prosecute, and the sympathizing justice metaphorically blended his sympathizing tears with those of the prisoner's wife, since he obligingly allowed the charge of highway robbery to be changed to one of plain battery, which resulted in the fellow's dismissal on probation.

Was the city prosecutor in a weepy mood also? Apparently, since he seems to have failed to press home the charge of highway robbery, that would have sent the scamp over the road. Probation laws never were intended to be invoked in such cases as this. They are meant to apply to those whose first offenses, committed under stress and in mitigating circumstances, leave a possibility of moral regeneration later by giving the guilty man a chance to effect his redemption by future good behavior. This footpad was no novice, as his tactics proved. That he was a brutal thief to boot, was evidenced by his striking of a woman in the face. Both the police justice and the city prosecutor seem to regard these vicious traits so lightly that they made no marked protest against the changing of the charge from highway robbery to a petty case of battery, and when the victim, moved by another woman's tears, refused to prosecute, the thieving ruffian was free to go, with the hope of better success in his trade next time.

No wonder the footpads flock to Los Angeles when such exhibitions as the above are heralded forth to the country. With the law so juggled, with justice so muzzled, with a city prosecutor so inept and a police justice so obliging, this should be an elysium for the highwayman.

#### GRAPHITES

Gunboats now hastening toward Corinto, the Nicaraguan Pacific port, to enforce the demands of Secretary Knox, representing the policy of the United States, will have no occasion to strip for action we take it. President Zelaya is a four-flusher, and as soon as he discovers Uncle Sam is in earnest, he will be as meek as Moses. Whether or not the two Americans were given a fair trial prior to their execution will be developed later. Just now, the department of state is interested in insuring to the American contingent in the South American storm-swept republic that measure of safety which subjects of King Edward enjoy. The Stars and Stripes must be respected, if it takes every battleship, cruiser and gunboat in the navy to do it. But the deposition of Zelaya and the installation of his revolutionary rival is quite another affair. Students of big stick diplomacy will await the outcome with mingled feelings of curiosity and amazement. Not that the despotic Zelaya is entitled to much consideration, but because of the summary method pursued of disciplining the obstreperous Nicaraguan.

Secretary of State Curry evidently figures that in a state primary contest he stands just as good a chance of getting the gubernatorial nomination as the incumbent, Governor Gillett, and the question now agitating the politicians in the northern part of the state is whether the Republican organization will indorse Gillett and flout Curry, or support the latter and desert the governor. Curry has a strong personal following and his campaign is well organized, but with the north divided and Southern California apathetic for the secretary, and rather favorably inclined toward Gillett, the latter would seem to have the better end of the argument, in case he decides to run. Should a compromise candidate be called for, we can offer Speaker Phil Stanton to offset Senator Belshaw's aspirations in the same direction.

It is surprising to find so well-informed a journal as The Nation repeating the erroneous charge in relation to the lemon rate raising by the railroads that La Follette's was guilty of doing several weeks ago. As we have pointed out repeatedly, the raise in the rate on lemons is 15 cents a hundred pounds or only one-third of the bonus allowed by the new tariff law. The Nation says the railroads have hogged it all, an egregious blunder. As a matter of fact, the railroads have simply returned to the old rate in effect three or four years ago, the reduction to one dollar a hundred being made to help out the lemon industry, which was in the dumps at that time. As we recollect it, the roads advised the shippers that the new rate was only temporary, and would be rescinded whenever the situation warranted the restoration.

We regret to find the Sacramento Union continuing to exclaim against the direct primary system. We are ready to admit the system is not perfect, but it is so vast an improvement over the old cut-and-dried way of choosing delegates to nominating conventions that represented nobody but the political bosses, that we shall not vote for a return to that plan until the substitute now offered has been thoroughly tested. We deny that the direct primary is antagonistic to our representative form of government, as Editor Insley of the Union charges. What could be more representative of the choice of the people than the nominations they themselves make? Parties are not necessarily abolished, as is claimed; the Republican, if he is the better man, inevitably will defeat the Democratic candidate, where the former organization is in the numerical ascendancy. If the Democrat is the better man, so much the worse for the Republicans. At least, the direct primary system gives all an equal chance.

Two men, distinguished in the literary world, have been removed by death within a week of each other, and the world of letters is that much poorer in consequence. John B. Tabb, or Father Tabb as he was better known, was a gentle singer of pure, melodious sweetness, whose contributions to the current magazines of recent years have endeared him to many by his poetic thoughts so beautifully expressed. Of frail health and for a year prior to his death totally blind, he yet preserved his poise to the end, and uncomplainingly bore his misfortunes with Christian fortitude. He was a scholar as well as a lyricist, and posterity will award him high honors for his creative work. The present generation knows too little about him to fix his status, but what he has given the world will live after him. The other choice spirit that passed away was Richard Watson Gilder, a contemporary of Stoddard and Stedman, and like Father Tabb, with marked spiritual leanings in his verse and of high ideals. He had been editor of the Century magazine since 1881.



## WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS HEROD

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM has just closed an engagement at the Lyric Theater where, for several weeks, he has been presenting Stephen Phillip's "Herod." It is gratifying to be able to say that the beautiful, poetic drama was illuminated by the simplicity and the dignity of Mr. Faversham's interpretation, by the good work of his company, and by the lavish splendor of the stage setting. When the curtain rose, disclosing the great audience hall in the palace of Herod, the beauty of the scene called forth a spontaneous burst of applause. For a moment there was no movement upon the stage, and the audience drank in the sumptuous beauty of the gorgeous setting. In the background, through a magnificent colonnade of wonderfully colored marble pillars, was seen the city of Jerusalem, topped by an expanse of sky, filled with floating clouds that seemed to palpitate with heart. In the immediate foreground, on a dais, rested the throne, beside which sat Gadias. Behind the throne a huge semicircle of brazen steps led to the gallery above, from which one might look off at the sacred hill in the distance or reach the great bronze doors of the palace, before which Sohemus stood on guard.

\* \* \*

The play concerns itself not with the murder of the innocents, but with the assassination of Aristobulus, beloved brother of Mariamne, the queen, and, later, with the execution of the queen herself. Herod, the Idumean king of the Jews, thinking to please Mariamne, has exalted Aristobulus to the rank of high priest, but the boy is of the royal Jewish blood, and Herod's councillors see danger in the murmuring of the people and their adulation. Herod is about to depart on a propitiatory visit to Octavius Caesar, and, fearing what may happen in his absence, he secretly instructs Sohemus to follow the boy to his bathing pool, and see that he does not come back alive. There are entangling reeds, he suggests, that might pull him down. Sohemus has scarcely left to execute the fateful deed when Mariamne comes to woo the king to her side. The passage between them is very beautiful. At first, conscious of his treachery, Herod will not come near her, then his passion for her beauty intensifies, and with it grows his fear of that which must inevitably separate them. He begs her to say that nothing shall ever come between them, but as he pleads, a prophetic vision rises before her eyes. She fears that he will one day kill her love, and in her turn she pleads that he will do nothing that may hurt her soul. Then is heard the sound of wailing, and the drowned boy is laid at his sister's feet. At the sight of his dead face something dies within her, and when she forces from Sohemus the secret of Herod's treachery, the tragedy of his life is on its way to overtake him. He comes back to Jerusalem, laden with honor, he wants Mariamne's praise, but she repels him. She is like a stone, her love for him is dead. She will stay in the palace, she will heap no reproach upon him, but never again will she come to him as his wife.

\* \* \*

Then come Herod's mother and sister to him with their tales of poison prepared by Mariamne, and they win the order for her death. Instantly he recalls it, but not soon enough to save her. Follows the final act wonderfully poetic in conception and wonderfully portrayed. Herod labors under the delusion that the queen is still alive, and the courtiers are assembled to prevent a revelation that can only culminate in madness. Bare-footed, brown-robed, with long, unkempt hair and beard, his face showing the ravages of the suffering he has borne, he comes. They try to divert him with tales of the temple he commanded to be built, with gifts of precious stones, but ever he calls for Mariamne. At first she is asleep, then she is robing. At length there is nothing left for them but to bring her to him, and as he looks upon her lovely figure, stretched before him on the bier, he is stricken. With outstretched arms and upturned face, he stands in a cataleptic trance, a stark figure, held by the side of the thing he loved, but that he was predestined to kill. The courtiers creep away in the face of the awful tragedy. Night falls, and we see him standing there with the starlight upon him. The curtain descends and rises again, showing the dawn, with its menacing streak of red at the horizon and the stark king still stands there, an awful figure, sublime in its tragedy.

\* \* \*

Mr. Faversham's acting has a depth of sincerity that commands respect. The mantle of Mansfield seems to have fallen upon his shoulders. Mr. Faversham, as an actor-manager, has not as yet had the opportunity of presenting a great number of varied impersonations, and it is possible that he may never reach the height of "Beau

Brummel" or "The Parisian Romance," yet, when we compare Mansfield's Henry Fifth and Faversham's Herod, both scenic plays, both susceptible of the impress of the personality of the actor, Mr. Faversham's evident sincerity, and evident generosity, place him, in a measure, beyond his illustrious compeer. Let us give him the support that he deserves, and let us hope that he may win to a recognition and to a success that may never cheapen itself by petty, personal vanity. He has surrounded himself with a capable company, notable among whom are Miss Julie Opp and Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe.

\* \* \*

Mr. Cliffe gives a curiously interesting and consistent impersonation of Gadias. Miss Opp's beauty is marvelous, and though a certain inflexibility of voice rather mars her performance, she plays sincerely and makes a satisfying Mariamne. About two hundred and fifty people are used in the production, and though it is almost impossible to secure an impression of reality where supers must appear in a dress foreign to their habit of mind, the beauty of the scene compensated for any lack in this respect. In spite of the historic background, the dry bones of history never show through. The love story is so real and so intense that the play has as human an aspect as is possible for a scenic production. New York, November 29. ANNE PAGE.

## BOGIE OF THE BRITISH BUDGET

"BUDGET" is the bogie-man that has spoiled sport all summer in the British Isles. It has been a great deal more imminent terror than a German invasion. Fears of a Hohen-zollern fleet of aeroplanes have been encouraged deliberately by English statesmen and publicists, who believed that British slackness and self-satisfaction needed prodding, that "the flannelled fools at the wicket, the muddled oafs at the goal" had not been sufficiently aroused by the lessons of the Boer war, but needed another, nearer-home scare, to remind them that life is not all "beer and skittles." But there is nothing unreal about the Lloyd-George budget. It is as real as it is revolutionary, and a revolution is more to be feared than an invasion. Income taxes and succession duties may be raised sky high, as they have been before Lloyd-George, and the Englishman will keep cool, but when the land itself is threatened with unheard-of, undreamed-of imposts, and when it is proposed to tax heavily every acre of profitless ground—the more heavily because it produces nothing—then are the foundations of Britannia shaken to their base, her timbers shiver, and the end seems nigh.

\* \* \*

To the Englishman there is something sacred and inviolable about "land." When an estate has been in the possession of a single family for hundreds of years, or even for a few generations, there grow around it traditions as firmly rooted as the oaks themselves. And it will take more than one or even two generations of agitators—more than several Lloyd-Georges and Winston Churchills—to disturb them seriously. Populations in English villages change little. The same families remain, generation after generation, in the same positions, and even in poverty there is little discontent. The villagers have been dependent for hundreds of years; they do not expect to live better than their sires, and the word "ambition" is not in their vocabulary. It is properly difficult for the American to understand this total lack of wholesome independence, this respectful, almost servile, reliance on other people. He experiences a strange sensation of scornful resentment when, for the first time, he sees in an English village the yokels saluting, and their women and children curtsying to the squire's carriage. But, as a matter of fact, they do it with no more conscious effort than they employ in walking. It would be an unnatural effort for them to refrain. They are too painfully conscious that their existence depends mainly on the esquire, directly or indirectly, giving them the means of livelihood, and they look to his and his lady's bounty in times of distress or for celebration of holidays.

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With general education and the enlightenment of the press, this intense class feeling—the firm conviction that the accident of birth preordains certain families to extraordinary privilege, and makes them of a totally different fiber—may pass away. But in England, "the old order" has not changed appreciably in several generations of popular education—so-called. A fundamental principle of both that education and of the press is to instill due respect among the people for their "betters," to encourage and confirm the distinctions of "class." The few ambitious or defiant spirits drift to the cities or emigrate; the

majority remain in the villages, satisfied and secure. And they will be found as averse to anything revolutionary or very radical as they would be from the plague itself.

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More than twenty years ago the abolition of the House of Lords was talked of throughout the country. But it made no serious impression. Gladstone, even with his heroic measures for Irish home rule at stake, and with his unparalleled personal influence with the nation, did not dare more than to hint that the day might come when the powers of the upper chamber might be curtailed. Lloyd-George has no such native timorousness. He is of the first generation of law-makers that have risen from the ranks of the people. But Lloyd-George as yet is a pigmy before the English people in comparison with Gladstone. The English are peculiarly suspicious of anything that smacks of demagoguery. For so many centuries they have been accustomed to look up to their leaders as essentially of another class than their own, that they resent the elevation of one of their own people to a position of power. It seems unnatural and rather unrighteous. And when one of their heroes is freed to don the knee-breeches and sword of court dress, as every minister of the crown perforce must do on state occasions, even a John Burns becomes ridiculous. He is unseated in popular estimation by those very knee-breeches.

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Lloyd-George is not a heroic figure in the gown of the chancellor of the exchequer, however heroic the figures of his budget. And in the coming campaign the people will be told that he is essentially a demagogue—an imitation Cromwell, who would plunge the country into disorder and even bloodshed. Moreover, Lloyd-George is peculiarly unfortunate in his right-hand man. Winston Churchill is just thirty-five years old, and began his career fighting for Spain against Cuba. Thenceforth, and always, his enemies claim, he has played his own hand at the expense of everybody else. Precociously impudent and aggressive, he has succeeded constantly in keeping his name and his exploits before the public. His is not the sort of character that appeals to the Englishman. His eccentricities are attributed, charitably, to his American mother. In the present crisis, Churchill is held up to scorn as being untrue to his own class. And that is a cardinal sin, the denunciation or disapproval of which is by no means confined to the class deserted.

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In comparison with the position held in public esteem by the statesmen of the last century, Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill have as yet no place. They have yet to win their spurs. And, indeed, since the death of Salisbury, there has been no statesman in England to win the confidence of the nation. On the other hand, there is an individual who maintains a stronger personal influence than all the ministers in or out of office; a stronger influence, probably, than any single minister in a hundred years. It is perfectly well known throughout England, although no English newspaper ventures more than a hint, that King Edward is unalterably opposed to the Lloyd-George budget, regarding it as a revolutionary measure. Still more powerfully, though silently, would the king's influence be felt in a campaign which threatened the existence of the House of Lords.

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What is the prospect? At this writing it seems inevitable that Premier Asquith will be forced to appeal "to the country." The campaign must be waged, not so much on the right or wrong of the Lloyd-George budget, as on the existence of the House of Lords. Who that knows England ventures to predict that the people will vote in favor of the abolition of the peers? Mr. Balfour will be called to form another Unionist ministry. That will be the lightest of his burdens. But Dreadnoughts must still be built; enormous revenues must still be raised. His remedy will be protection, the remedy that the stricken Joe Chamberlain saw was inevitable six years ago. And then will come the real struggle, whether England will abolish the religion of free trade, distributing the burdens of taxation throughout the country by protection, and inevitably raising the cost of every man's living, or will adopt the principle of making the rich—the classes—bear the maximum load. Public opinion moves with ponderous slowness in England. The coming campaign will only be a curtain-raiser. R. H. C.

San Francisco, November 30.

Signs multiply that Speaker Cannon will have a parlous time with the insurgents of the house at the coming session of congress. The vulgar old standpatter is about at the end of his rope, and this undoubtedly will prove his last term as boss of the nation.

MAR 15 1913



## BON VIVANT OF DORCHESTER HOUSE

**D**ORCHESTER HOUSE, London residence of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, ambassador to the court of St. James, was formerly the town house of the Marquis of Hertford, and now the property of Captain Holford, equerry in waiting to King Edward. Readers of *The Graphic*, and particularly those who have attended the Fourth of July receptions which Mr. Reid has made an annual feature in his incumbency, may perhaps be interested in a brief glance at the exterior history of the nobleman who built *Dorchester House*.

Among the voluptuaries who rendered the court of the regency as famous, or infamous, as that of Augustus, or the Regent Orleans, or Charles II., none was more notorious than Lord Yarmouth, afterward third Marquis of Hertford. Thackeray has immortalized him under the name of the Marquis Steyne in "Vanity Fair," and he figures as Lord Monmouth in Disraeli's finest novel, "Coningsby." Born in 1777 he was educated at Oxford, and on attaining his majority, entered parliament as member for Lisburne. In the same year he married the daughter of an Italian nobleman—the Marquis of Fagniani. I said his daughter; well, she bore his name, certainly, but there were two other gentlemen who claimed the honor of paternity—the well-known George Selwyn and the wicked old Duke of Queensberry; the one left her \$300,000, and, comical to relate, made the rival claimant his residuary legatee, while the latter on his decease, in 1810, bequeathed his contested daughter \$750,000, and constituted her husband residuary legatee, by which he gained \$1,000,000.

It maybe noted that her lawful father failed to mention her in his will; but surely never was anyone so lucky in a plurality of fathers as Marie Fagniani. Being in Paris at the time of the sudden collapse of the short-lived peace of Amiens, Lord Yarmouth was arrested before he could get away, and passed the next three years of his life in the prison of Verdun. Released at length through the intervention of Fox and the good offices of Talleyrand, and permitted to return to his native land, he in 1806 came back to Paris as a plenipotentiary to arrange the basis of a new peace. Lord Yarmouth held several high posts under government; in 1811 he was made vice-chamberlain, and in 1814 Lord Warden of the Stanneries, while on several occasions he was appointed to high diplomatic duties—such as, when, in 1827, he was deputed ambassador extraordinary to convey the Order of the Garter to the Emperor Nicholas, and by the magnificence he displayed astonished even the gorgeous court of the Czar of all the Russias.

But it is not of his lordship as a politician, in which character he cut an insignificant figure, after all, but in that in which he is best known to tradition, a bon vivant, that I propose to write. In all the scandalous chronicles of the time, and especially in Tom Moore's satirical poems, he figures as the voluptuary, the dandy, the libertine, and the chosen companion of the Prince Regent; and there was certainly a strong bond of union between these two, considering that Lord Yarmouth's mother, the Marchioness of Hertford, was one of the prince's favorite sultanas—George had a peculiar weakness for dowagers; he preferred his loves like his wine, well matured. Yet Lord Yarmouth was no sycophant, it may be presumed that he considered it was his father's place, not his, to avenge his mother's honor; but when his royal highness began to trespass upon his own preserves, he knew how to defend them. There is a capital story, which "Peter Pindar" put into verse, illustrative of this. "There had been a rare carouse at Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York, one night, and, finding himself alone with the countess, George began to make love to her, but being repulsed, and very drunk, he was about to pursue his suit somewhat after the fashion of the Romans to the Sabine women, when, just in the nick of time, the husband appeared upon the scene, and, perceiving the situation, forgot all 'the divinity that doth hedge' royalty:

So, kicking his broad breech, he threw  
His highness sprawling on his nose;  
The prince not knowing what is meant  
By this posterior compliment.

Before he can arise, the indignant husband falls upon him with a cane:

The prince he roared like any bull;  
Lord Yarmouth, all with rage brimful,  
Regardless of his royal pain,  
Brandished aloft the dread cane.  
The trembling regent nimbly tripped,  
And like a merry Andrew skipped;  
The lady much to laughter moved,  
Said how in dancing he'd improved.

So serious was the drubbing his highness got

that he was not visible for a day or two, and it was given out that he had sprained his ankle. Had he been the sultan, whose habits he imitated, he would no doubt have condemned his castigating subject to the bow string; but, to hush up a fracas that put him in so ridiculous a light, his favor for Lord Yarmouth seemed to grow rather than to decrease after the caning.

\* \* \*

In 1822, our bon vivant, on the death of his father, succeeded to the marquisate, and became one of the richest peers in England. The voluptuous magnificence of his town residence, *Dorchester House*, reads like an extract from the "Arabian Nights." The entrance hall was of pure marble, the grand reception rooms were splendid beyond description; the banquets such as Lucullus or Apicius might have envied. But it was the private apartments that were the most remarkable. There was a quiet little entrance in the mews, at which quiet little broughams used of an evening to deposit the fair occupants, who were then conducted by the vizier, Nicolas Suisse, my lord's confidential valet, to a room of ivory and white satin, the walls being hung and the furniture covered with that lustrous material, while the framework of chairs, tables and couches were composed of the costly tusks of the elephant, wrought with the most exquisite art, and the carpets were of white velvet. Another room was all ebony and black velvet; adjoining these apartments was a small banquet hall, formed and painted after the manner of a Pompeian house; in the center a little fountain gushed perfumed water into a marble basin, making the air heavy and languorous; the floor was tessellated, the walls were adorned with frescoes, and around the tables were couches framed in silver, upon which the guests reclined, eating after the manner of the ancients.

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Attached to this suite of rooms was the most marvellous of kitchens, every saucepan and stewpan in which was silver, the spits being of gold. Here, frequently superintended by the marquis himself, petits soupers that Louis XV. and Pompadour might have delighted in, were prepared, to be washed down by wines over which Horace would have smacked his lips. Here, with his chosen sylphs and a few selected friends, my lord would prolong the feast and the flow of bowl until the gray dawn of the London morning peered through the loosely gathered curtains. In his younger days other rites than those of Aphrodite and Dionysius were celebrated in this Arcanum, for Lord Yarmouth had been a terrible gambler. Here one night he and Philippe Egalite, Duc d'Orleans, won \$500,000 from the prince; here Charles James Fox had been a frequent visitor, and though a votary to Venus, no place had any charms for the great Whig, unless the rites were preceded by cards and dice.

\* \* \*

In his later years, the marquis entirely renounced the pasteboard and the ivories, finding no pleasures so much to his mind as those of the table and the harem. Never good looking, in his maturity and age his lordship might have sat for a portrait of Silenus; only a fringe of red hair redeemed his head from utter baldness; he had thick, bushy eyebrows, with small twinkling eyes, surrounded by a thousand wrinkles, a protruding under jaw, and a large mouth, which, when he smiled, revealed two "buck" teeth. In appearance, however, he was highly distinguished, with a broad chest and a remarkably fine foot and leg. In his youth he was very proud of his whiskers, with which weakness Tom Moore frequently betwits him:

Thy whiskers, too, Yarmouth! alas, even they,  
Though so rosy they burn,  
Too quickly must turn  
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)  
to grey.

\* \* \*

Besides these petits soupers, the marquis gave the most superb entertainments, often costing, it is said, upward of \$2,500 each. Though a confirmed voluptuary, he was a man well read and a brilliant conversationalist, who entertained at his table everyone notable in the world of art. While at the height of his suddenly achieved fame, Edmund Kean was invited to one of these splendid feasts, and Sam Oxberry accompanied him; but Edmund never toadied to the great, and after remaining very quiet until the cloth was removed, he gave a signal to Sam, and threading his way through the wilderness of liveried servants, he took him by the arm and, saying loud enough to be heard on all sides, "Six months ago not one of these lords would have noticed the poor stroller. I prefer a quiet glass with a friend to all their champagne, that is as frothy as themselves," took his departure and finished the night in the famed parlor of the champion pugilist of Eng-

land, old Tom Cribb. Yet, by one of those contradictions so frequent in human nature, while lavishing hundreds upon a single feast, the marquis was, on occasion, almost penurious. In the old days of dear postage, as everyone knows, members of parliament had the privilege of franking letters. One day, when still Lord Yarmouth, and out of the house, he came all the way from Seymour Place to the admiralty for a frank to his servant in the country. By this he saved twelve cents; but had he been tired he would have taken a hackney coach, at the cost of sixty-two cents. As he advanced in life the voluptuous habits of the marquis became more and more pronounced. After she had borne him two sons and a daughter, he ceased to live with his wife, or, rather, after enduring the insult of having all kinds of doubtful company introduced at her table, she quitted his house.

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Following his death, extraordinary revelations came out during the trial of his valet, Nicolas Suisse, who was accused of appropriating coupons to the value of 100,000 francs, belonging to his late master. Suisse was his factotum, his high chamberlain, who had so enriched himself in his lucrative employment that he could afford to order of a West End jeweler a service of plate at a cost of \$10,000. Among the witnesses called up to prove that the marquis had given him the coupons—the view the jury took of the case when they acquitted him—was Angelina Borel, who confessed to having been Lord Hertford's mistress from the age of sixteen, to have traveled with him when he went abroad, and that every evening while he was in London she was admitted by the private entrance to *Dorchester House*, was supped and remained there, and that he allowed her about \$40,000 a year.

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Among his various residences was a charming little villa at Richmond-on-the-Thames, and in the winter of 1842 some French actresses and friends, coming to London, he determined to entertain them there. Arriving rather earlier than he was expected on the night of the event, the fires were not lit, and the rooms that had been shut up since the fall, struck chill to him. However, the grates were soon all ablaze, the cold atmosphere expelled and the old man thought no more of the shivering fit that had seized him on his entrance. Then the guests began to arrive; there were theatrical managers and foreign counts, and Mesdames Clotilde and Ermengarde and Rosalie in the most delightful of toilettes—charming, piquant, laughing, chattering, full of life and drollery. The supper was simply perfect, the wines the finest the marquis' cellars could afford, and no higher praise could be accorded them; everyone vowed it was the most delicious supper he had ever given. A little depressed at first, with now and then a slight shudder passing through him, the marquis, as the glorious vintages began to glow in his veins, was himself once more, and the small eyes twinkled upon the sirens that ogled him on either side, and the tusk-like teeth protruded grimly as he indulged in his cynical humor, though his speech was a little inarticulate at times from the effects of the paralysis. In the ever-shifting conversation, one was talking of a man who had been hanged that morning, but who prayed fervently before he was "turned off." "He did quite right to hedge," said my lord, "you should never throw away a chance"—a sally which, of course, was received with rapturous applause. The guests sang naughty songs—in French—and crowned the bald pate of the host with wreaths of flowers, as though he had been Dionysius, the wine god himself, instead of one of his votaries; and by and by, the symposium waxed into an orgie.

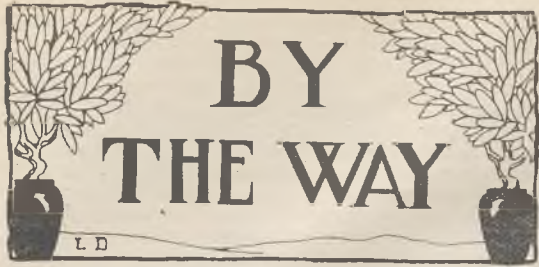
\* \* \*

But a shadowy presence was hovering over the feast, that, had it been visible, would have made the lights burn blue, and changed the shouts of laughter to shrieks of terror; the memento mori, the grinning skull of the Egyptian banquets, was there, symbolically, if not in substance, for it was the marquis' last revel. A month afterward the old bon vivant lay upon his death bed, and on the first day of March died as he had lived, with the hand of a certain Madame Henriette, who had remained in the house throughout his illness, fast locked in his. The title and estates descended to his eldest son, who died unmarried in 1870, leaving the bulk of his magnificent fortune to his natural son, known as Sir Richard Wallace, whose loan of pictures to the Bethnal green Museum, some years back, and other acts of munificence, will be well remembered. This splendid gallery of paintings and objets d'art has quite recently, by the decease of Lady Wallace, reverted to the British government, for the benefit of the nation.

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, November 18.





### Hotels Show the Trend

Winter tourists have begun to crowd in, and all of the important hotels are entertaining more guests at this time than ever before at this season. Usually, the real rush begins immediately after the holidays, but more visitors are here now than was true of New Year's day, four years ago, which time was a record breaker in such matters. I am advised that the Green, the Raymond, and Frank Miller's artistic Riverside hostelry, have all their available accommodations engaged until after March 1, 1910, with the season scarcely begun. The Coronado began to fill nearly two months ago. Del Monte is doing a fine business, and the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach is equally busy.

### Election Betting Light

There is less election betting on next Tuesday's results than at any previous election in the city's history, so I am told by experts. Three years ago close to \$200,000 was wagered upon the mayoralty result, while at this time not more than \$5,000 has been placed with commissioners, with little likelihood of the amount being increased. Alexander continues the favorite, with the Smith following insisting upon odds of at least 2 to 1. Barney Healy, for the city council, is not so strong as he was a week ago, in the gambling, with the remaining names on both tickets not even mentioned. In fact, no attention is being paid to the results for the council or for any other place upon the ballot except for mayor. Guesses are to the effect that the total vote Tuesday will not exceed 36,000. The results should be pretty well known by 10 o'clock that night, as the ballot will be the simplest that has been cast here in years. It will contain only two names for each place, instead of the miscellaneous assortment of candidates customary in the past.

### Mushet is Importuned

Auditor Mushet is being vigorously importuned by the Smith faction to announce himself in favor of the latter for mayor, as against George Alexander. It is understood that Mr. Mushet has been offered all sorts of inducements if he will either write a letter or will deliver an address favorable to the rump Republican candidate. At this writing, the auditor has declined to commit himself as suggested, although it will not be surprising if he allows himself to be so influenced. But even if he yields, such an indorsement will not give to exceed five hundred or a thousand votes to Smith that he otherwise could not get.

### Young Mr. Clotworthy

I doubt if the fact that Mr. Clotworthy, late of the Los Angeles Record, has espoused the cause of mayoralty aspirant George A. Smith, will change many votes. He will be recalled as the youth who professed to have forced Arthur C. Harper to resign, to him, while the former was doing the recall campaign for the Scripps Los Angeles paper. At that time, Mr. Clotworthy took particular pains to publish that the then mayor, instead of resigning at the behest of the Record, had thrown himself into the arms of its editor, a slip that Mr. Scripps is said to have never forgiven. As the young man is not a taxpayer in the community—I doubt if his name appears on the voting register—just how his espousal of the Smith cause can be of any great assistance to it is an amusing speculation.

### "Tom" Woolwine Springs a Sensation

"Tom" Woolwine has supplied the first sensation of the present municipal campaign, through City Clerk Harry Leland. It may be a belated charge, as the Times intimates, but I see in it the beginning of a campaign for the former city prosecutor which his friends figure may land him in the office of district attorney, for which he will probably be a candidate next year. However, Captain Fredericks may not relinquish his grip without a struggle. When I printed in this column, several months ago, that "Tom" Woolwine would be pretty certain to rise up and plague Captain Fredericks in the 1910 campaign, I was scoffed at. Yet young Woolwine at this time is the strongest opponent to the regular Republican organization candidate for the position, no matter whom he may be. The campaign

primary that will determine the issue is months in the future. As to the Leland affidavit, wherein the present city clerk avers he was offered money to sign the riverbed franchise, I confess I am puzzled. I had always given Walter Parker credit for being too shrewd to attempt bribery, irrespective of the ethics transcended. But if he really sought to bribe Leland (and he insists that he did not), the elapsed time since the alleged crime was committed—three years ago—mitigates against the effectiveness of the charge. Alexander does not need this revivification of decayed matter to gain his election.

### Nat Goodwin Quits Mining Field

Nat C. Goodwin, near actor, who for a time posed as a mining magnate, has withdrawn from that field. In New York Goodwin has caused it to be announced publicly that he has resigned from a certain Wall street curb brokerage firm, and he sets forth in his letter, which has been made public, that too many of his Thespian and other friends were in the habit of buying certain stocks with which his name was associated, in the belief that such shares must be right or else Goodwin would not have been connected with their promotion. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin left Gotham recently in their private care for Ocean Park, where they are to remain this winter, in the Goodwin cottage.

### Drilled a Hole in the Blind

Colonel W. M. Garland usually gets the bag limit at Bolsa Chica, but last Saturday his record was plus—not in ducks, but in drilling a hole through his blind. He was crouched low in the pit, and was raising his gun to aim, when, presto! the hammer fell and a charge of shot ploughed its way through the blind. Fortunately, there was no stenographer within hearing to record the rapid observations that followed, and quite as fortunate was the colonel to escape lodging the contents of his gun in his anatomy. I believe he lost at least six ducks by that inadvertent discharge.

### Hancock Banning's S. P. Wagon

Hancock Banning gave Frank King an order for a water wagon for use at Wilmington, and left the exterior decoration to Frank. That humorist had it painted a vivid yellow, and sent it out to the inner harbor town, where, the next morning, it paraded the principal streets, bearing a huge sign, "Smallpox here," which a wag had appended unknown to the driver. It is now known as the S. P. wagon, only the initials do not stand for Southern Pacific.

### Dr. Waddell Back From Vienna

Dr. W. E. Waddell is back from a two months' outing abroad, passed mainly in London, Paris and Vienna. His main object was to attend a course of lectures by a celebrated Vienna eye and ear specialist, but with that accomplished a period of play time remained. In Paris and Vienna the doctor was able to give his musical tastes full bent, and in London he enjoyed roving among the literary haunts of the fascinating British capital. His vacation proved a most delightful experience.

### Strong With the Railroads

Newton H. Foster, purchasing agent of the Salt Lake road, is of a railroad family. One of his sisters is married to President C. S. Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad; his youngest sister is the wife of J. M. Hannaford, vice-president of the Northern Pacific; his brother, C. E. Foster, is general agent of the Northern Pacific at Boston, and Robert P. Sherman, general manager of the Los Angeles Pacific railroad, is his son-in-law. Reports from the grandchildren are not yet in.

### Will Stephens for Hammel

I see that Will Stephens has declared for Will A. Hammel for sheriff, with nearly all of the former's influential friends in the Republican organization rooting as ardently as they know how for Leo Youngworth. It had been expected that Stephens would be found in the Youngworth bandwagon at the right time, and the reverse of this situation is certain to cause perturbation in political circles when the significance of the act becomes generally understood.

### Bert Farmer, After All

After all, the Seventh California district census supervisor is not to be George Fitch, Representative McLachlan, as well as Senator Flint, having named Bert Farmer. There has been sufficient bad blood engendered in this controversy, in a political way, to undo at least one congressman, with a United States senator also having aroused the ire of a faction of his party. After Senator

Flint's apparent victory, it was thought that George Fitch's appointment ended the struggle. But at this climax Fitch took to his bed, and his physical condition for more than three months has been such that his friends felt that he must relinquish all hope of performing the duties of the census supervisor. As a consequence, Fitch forwarded his resignation to Washington, with the result as stated.

### Death of Al Pickering

Friends of A. D. Pickering, a brother of Mrs. T. E. Newlin and Mrs. Charles Monroe, will be pained to learn of his demise, at Detroit, ten days ago. Mr. Pickering visited his two sisters here last winter, and, although not in the best of health, was feeling much better than in several years. Interment was at Chicago, beside the earthly resting place of his grand old father, Aquila H. Pickering, who will be remembered as the founder of the town of Whittier. Mrs. Monroe reached Chicago in time to meet the body of her brother, and is now visiting relatives in that city.

### Barkers Cry Hollywood Wares

Hollywood is knocking boldly at the Los Angeles front door, anxious to be included in the confines of the greater city. Promoters of the proposed expansion apparently have engaged barkers who are stationed on the corners of the principal streets of this city, from which points of vantage they cry their wares, as is done by side-show shouters. This plan of drumming up names for such a purpose is brand new. I am told it is proving a success.

### Drops the Pen for the Pick

Charles Amadon Moody, the erudite writer so long associated with Mr. Lummis in the editorial conduct of the Out West Magazine, as associate editor, has resigned his connection with that publication and gone out to Arizona to engage in mining. Mr. Moody made a good strike in the adjoining territory a year or so ago, and has been itching to get back to that field for months. Local literary circles have temporarily lost an accomplished member, but their regret is ameliorated by the thought that when Mr. Moody returns it will probably be as a patron of the arts, if his former success is any criterion.

### Jack Elliott Goes to Washington

John B. Elliott, for the last four years Associated Press district superintendent in this territory, left Tuesday for Washington, where he is to be stationed through the coming session of congress, as I intimated a week ago was a strong likelihood. Elliott is away ostensibly on leave of absence, but it is the opinion in newspaper circles that he will not return. It is more than likely that after he has left his impress in the national capital work that he will be ordered to New York, and, later, even may be sent to Europe. Jack was given a warm farewell by friends prior to his going away Monday night, and all who knew him wish him well in his new sphere of action.

### Fosters to Remain Abroad

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Foster, who have been abroad for more than a year, will not return to Los Angeles for at least another eighteen months. They are in Berlin, from which city they have written to John Blackwood, asking that he continue to occupy the pretty Foster establishment in East Los Angeles, at least until the spring of 1911. And Manager Blackwood, convinced that it is the thing to grab the gifts the gods provide, has advised Foster that he will be more than willing.

### Judge Graff Home Again

Whether the Thanksgiving golf records, headed by L. T. Bradford, would have been lowered had Judge M. L. Graff arrived home in time to participate, I cannot say. He left here October 1 for a tour of the Atlantic cities, and did not get back until November 30, too late to enter the contest. He is looking famously well, having had a most enjoyable visit with friends and relatives.

### Harry Chandler's Big Land Deal

Harry Chandler and his associates owning the big Mexican ranch in the Imperial section, recently have concluded a most successful stroke of business. Lands that cost the syndicate forty cents an acre they have just sold on the basis of forty dollars. The property, which is a princely one, is said to yield annually big returns from the sale of cattle. I am informed that the owners have a concession in Mexico as well as in the United States, by the terms of which they have a right to pasture their stock six months in one



country, and the remainder of the year across the international boundary, without the payment of the usual prohibitive customs duties. The two hundred thousand odd cattle marketed annually by the syndicate are disposed of in Los Angeles.

#### Ed Fleming to Address City Club

That ought to prove a most interesting talk at the City Club weekly luncheon at the Westminster today by E. J. Fleming, former city prosecutor, who will address the club on "The Enforcement of the Law." Ed Fleming made an excellent record in office and I particularly approved the way he went for the bucket shop brethren, in which work I was able to give him a lift. He was instrumental in putting on the city statute books a model bucket shop ordinance, which has been copied by several other municipalities since.

#### Dr. McArthur Achieves Greatness

As a toastmaster, Dr. W. T. McArthur can challenge Joe Scott for first honors, as he proved by his witty and graceful introductions, his fund of amusing stories, and his clever "between talks" at the banquet Thursday night, at the Alexandria Hotel, of the Southern California Medical Society. Jo Reichl never did himself more justice than on that occasion, in the menu, and he conspired most successfully with Drs. McArthur, Cole and Edwards, of the executive committee, to make the gathering a notable one. Bob Burdette never was wittier than in his reply to the toast, "The Model Patient," and Bishop Conaty never more eloquent than in his lofty address on "Our Philanthropic Institutions." Mayor Alexander read a well-prepared paper on "Los Angeles; Its Splendid Destiny." Judge Wilbur was happy in his admixture of medical and legal stories. Frank G. Tyrell painted word pictures in his usual flowery manner, replying to "Our Commercial Interests," and Dr. W. A. Edwards paid feeling tribute to "The Medical Fraternity." Dr. E. W. Fleming made a hit with his toast to "The Ladies," and I had the honor of replying to "The Fourth Estate." It was a most felicitous evening.

#### Impresario Hanson's Pungent Criticisms

It was my privilege this week to meet and have an informal chat with the notable impresario, Martin H. Hanson, under whose auspices and general management Dr. Ludwig Wuellner came to America and this city. A large man, pleasingly unaffected in manner, genial, and with an underlying sense of humor is Mr. Hanson. Despite his positive prediction that Los Angeles probably would never become the musical center of the United States, I appreciated the force of his argument, and in the end agreed with him that New York was rapidly assuming the honors which the Pacific coast covets and that, eventually, the Atlantic metropolis would become the musical center of the civilized world.

"America is only on the eve of a great musical development," asserted Mr. Hanson. "You have not nearly achieved the highest art as yet, although I am convinced that within ten or twelve years New York City will have become the world's greatest musical center. It is the clearing-house now of musical art, and with concerted interests and colossal achievements, Americans have it in their power to make New York the recognized center. It isn't that European cities are losing interest in music, nor that they are less appreciative of the best in art, but it is that Americans are in a period of great awakening. Where only a few years ago the people in general preferred rag-time, they now are becoming unanimous in their desire for the better class of music and artists. Yours is a rich country, and even the poorer of your citizens have money to spend for their pleasures. Europeans must be more economical, and for that reason many who would like to patronize the best concerts, recitals and entertainments cannot afford to do so.

"Then, again, another point in favor of America's gain in the musical world is that your country has been found to produce more glorious voices than other countries, and combined with their gift is a greater intelligence.

"Los Angeles or San Francisco is too far west to become the musical center of the world, and while such aspiration is commendable in one way, yet when Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago and other of the big musical cities of the east are generous enough to work to make New York the focus of the world's musical interest, your city should also join in the concerted movement.

"One great detriment which I find in the American people is that their patriotism is not extended to art. Your citizens will laud and idealize

European musicians; flock in droves to hear and patronize them, but you absolutely ignore your local artists until after Europeans have put the stamp of hearty approval upon their work, even though you have among you talent and genius of excellent quality. Why, only the other day I sought to arrange with Mr. Behymer for the local appearance of the Sisters Sassard of Galveston, Texas, but despite the fact that in Europe they have gained recognition, I couldn't get a booking here, simply because they are of your own people, and their successes abroad have not yet reached home ears. Then, too, you Los Angelans do not place sufficient trust in your local managers. When Mr. Behymer brings an artist to Los Angeles, that fact alone should be a guarantee of the high merit of the entertainment to be provided.

"One more thing I want to say, and that is that America hasn't heard half of the greatest musicians of the world. You are satisfied to have a few brought over, season after season, and appreciatively applaud Sembrich, Caruso and others, but there are artists equally as great in Europe, whom you have never heard, and whose names you would scarcely recognize. I have made contracts ahead up to the season of 1913-1914, and I expect to bring over to America a number of musicians and singers who have never visited your country before. Among these will be Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, who will come to Los Angeles some time in March of next year."

#### Judge McKinley May Succeed Herrin

If it is true that W. F. Herrin, after all, is to go to New York as successor to Robert S. Lovett, in charge of what have come to be known as the Harriman railway properties, there will be a vacancy out here in the Southern Pacific legal department that every lawyer in California would like to fill. Although not in the confidence of those who will have the plum to bestow, I miss my guess if our own Judge J. W. McKinley will not be seriously considered when it comes to the selection of Mr. Herrin's successor. I doubt if Judge McKinley will be anxious to move to San Francisco, even for the attractive salary that attaches to the position. Herrin, for example, is said to get \$40,000 a year. Such a promotion, however, would be difficult to refuse, I should think. If he goes north, I doubt if he will be called upon to do active Southern Pacific politics. That part of the work probably would be turned over to Jere T. Burke. Of course, it is possible that either Samuel M. Shortridge or Robert T. Devlin is to take up the Herrin mantle, as has been intimated in the north, but I prefer to believe that Judge McKinley will assume the office in case Mr. Herrin really takes up a permanent New York residence.

#### Burke and Parker Team

In the event that Jere Burke is promoted, Walter Parker is pretty certain to have more power than ever. Burke and Parker have been like brothers for years, with the latter standing strong with Herrin. I am informed that Judge Lovett himself has come to regard Parker as considerable of a marvel along certain lines. Jere Burke, years ago, was the secretary of the Los Angeles Railway Company, and if I am not mistaken is still the owner of realty in Los Angeles.

#### Suggestion for Judge Lovett

Judge Lovett is making his first inspection of Southern Pacific properties since his recent elevation as successor to the late E. H. Harriman, and should be in Southern California soon. Would it not be an excellent idea, when he comes here, to have him renew the promise made by Mr. Harriman a few months ago, to the effect that sooner or later, Los Angeles is to have a railway station worthy the city's importance.

#### Good Newspaper Assignment

In February there will sail from San Francisco a delegation of Los Angeles business men, whose tour will include a large part of the Chinese empire. The Chambers of Commerce of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco will send out a similar representation. The object of the visit will be to establish trade relations between the Orient and the American Pacific coast. Here is a pretty fine newspaper assignment which every Los Angeles daily should cover, and which any working newspaper man in town would like to fill if the chance presented.

#### Diplomatic Post for "Dick" Kerens

Los Angelans who know him, and their number is large, should be pleased if Richard C. Kerens is sent abroad as American minister to Austria. "Dick" Kerens for years has been a

pretty consistent booster for this section; it was his money and energy that gave us first the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, and later that was responsible largely for the expansion of that property into the present Salt Lake line. Mr. Kerens has not been here for about two years, although formerly he was in the habit of coming to Southern California pretty regularly. Thomas E. Gibbon always has been one of his particular proteges, as also was the late Ferd K. Rule. Should Mr. Kerens go to Vienna as the American diplomatic representative, no Los Angelans ever need be afraid of a lukewarm reception in the Austrian capital while Mr. Kerens is domiciled there.

#### Strong Tip on Associated

Los Angeles owners of Associated Oil continue to see their holdings climb up in market value, with the stock now selling above 50 as against 34 less than a month ago. I am told the shares are to go much higher, to 70, possibly, the result of continued heavy buying orders of the stock here as well as in the San Francisco market. It is hinted that the stock is to be listed in Wall street, which would, of course, broaden the market materially. There appears to be little doubt that when Associated directors meet next month, a four per cent per annum dividend, payable quarterly, will be declared. The company has been earning net this year, at the rate of about \$1,500,000, so it is stated, and the coming annual report will show these figures. Even at 60, Associated is not a bad purchase, as compared with Union, paying less than six per cent at present market prices.

#### Max Ihmsen is Popular

Current Literature, a publication that should be better advised, in its December issue alludes to Max F. Ihmsen as political manager for William R. Hearst. Of course, it should be known back in New York that the present manager of Mr. Hearst's Los Angeles newspaper property, has been a resident here for more than a year. If indications count for anything, Mr. Ihmsen's stay among us is to be indefinite. I am advised, in fact, that Mr. Hearst considers that Mr. Ihmsen is more than making good here. I know that the former New Yorker has won many friends for the paper and for himself, which is a good sign.

#### Alexander Leads in the Betting

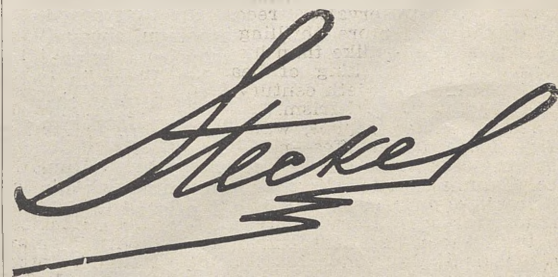
To date, the professional bettors are not laying large odds that George Alexander will be re-elected, but such wagers as have been laid thus far have been largely against Smith, with Alexander a decided favorite. I am informed that Judge Pierce, in the past something of a spoke in the Republican machine wheel, has placed a considerable sum at 2½ to 1 that Smith will not be elected. To this time the ruling odds appear to be about 10 to 8 on the same issue.

#### Gertrude Andrews' New Play

Private advices from New York inform me that Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews, who will be recalled as the author of "Kate Shannon," which Dick Ferris staged at the Auditorium two years ago, is coming back to Los Angeles this winter to see her new play, "Through a Window," which Manager John Blackwood of the Belasco will put on in advance of Klaw & Erlanger. It has a California background and wonderful things are predicted for it. Mrs. Andrews is a delightful woman, who knows literature and life. I hope she will score a success in her latest venture.

### Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

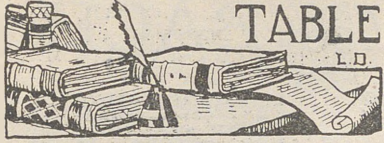
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## ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



From "The Reasonableness of Faith" to lion and elephant hunting in Africa seems a far cry, but Dr. W. S. Rainsford, formerly rector of St. George's church, New York, has not given any evidence of embarrassment in handling either subject. Nor is it evidently with any thought of taking the first edge off Theodore's African hunting experiences that Dr. Rainsford has offered the account of the last of his trips to the Nzoia or Guash'ngishu country in search of big game, in "The Land of the Lion." It is rather, as he states in his opening remarks, the pleasure of the writing of the notes that has moved him. Having hunted in Ireland, as a boy; in Scotland, Austria, Sardinia, in all parts of the Canadian Rockies, in the Rocky Mountains of the United States, from California to the Canadian line, on the great western plains, in the forests and barrens of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec, the doctor has an interesting fund of experience to draw upon. "I have had some experiences in hunting," he remarks. "But African hunting is a thing apart. It differs from all other forms of sport. You may, with good reason, believe yourself capable of holding your own in the Rockies or the Alps, and yet you may find yourself unsuccessful or only moderately successful here. My first trip to the country was unsatisfactory to me." Then he proceeds to outline the essential preparation and conduct of a restful hunting safari. The personnel of the party, involving a choice from Somali, Massai, Wakamba, Kikuyu, N'doroba and a bewildering array of black men, each displaying marked traits of character and aptitude for various duties of the camp, brings out much interesting information concerning the African of today and hints of the native of yesterday.

In caring for the physical needs of the men, acquainting himself with their peculiarities of disposition and seeing justice meted out to all in a firm, kindly spirit, he won the friendship of his dusky servants, and was rewarded by tales about the camp fire that laid open many of the secrets of the jungle-land that a less persevering and thoughtful man never would have been permitted to share. (Here, where the white man is regarded as a god, a little kindness judiciously applied, works wonders.) It is this quality that makes the narrative more than a description of a chase for wild animals. The possibilities of the land, once the battleground of fierce tribes, but now being invaded by the thrifty Boer from the Transvaal, serves to call forth a criticism of English methods and rule in the Protectorate. The discussion of the benefits derived therefrom and the defects of the system introduced fit naturally and aptly into the account of geographical and historical aspects of East Africa.

Having selected his headman, porters, tentboys, gunboys, cook, hunters, and acquired several "totos," or apprentices; loads being weighed and adjusted to the woolly heads of the black train, Nairobi and the railroad is left behind, and for thirteen months, tramping through the luxuriant growth of jungle and forest, fording rivers, climbing mountains, searching the plateaus for the haunts of lions (simba) and "tracking" all manner of wild game over five thousand miles, many exciting adventures are to be entered on the pages of the camp journal, and curious bits of observation recorded. Nothing could be more thrilling and thoroughly sportsmanlike than his own encounter with the "king of beasts," arousing in this twentieth century man a "dark survival of barbarism."

Elephants, rhinos, hippos, wild dogs, buffalos, leopards, giraffes—none furnishes the peculiar danger of this princely animal. The zebra serves a more practical purpose as food in compensation for less gamy sport. The flora, the insects, harmless and otherwise, the birds, the wonderful coloring of the land, the fruits and vegetables, and other foods of the country, the occupations of the natives; a thousand important details in the daily round of the march, with rather extended and minute advice as to luggage and need-

ed articles, even to prices and sources of supplies, in many instances, are given. Dr. Rainsford makes a powerful plea for the native and the mission as a factor in ameliorating his benighted condition.

Although somewhat careless in construction, betraying the original "notes," hastily written en route, and containing several rather annoying typographical errors, the book is so full of vital, thrilling interest that these minor criticisms are overlooked in the general excellence. Almost a story in itself is the fine collection of photographs illustrating the text. And curious documents, indeed, are the telegrams appended. Maps, with explicit information as to the localities in which certain animals can be found and a vocabulary of African words of more common use will be of particular interest to sportsmen intending to essay the pleasures and dangers of hunting in the wilds of Africa. ("The Land of the Lion." By Dr. W. S. Rainsford. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

### "Cock-a-doodle Hill"

This is the story of Ernie's chicken farm, being the further chronicles of the Dudley Graham's. After they found the Dump Cart Contract, which their father mislaid before he died, it proved not so valuable as they had believed, so this interesting family removed to the country, and located on what they named "Cock-a-doodle Hill," and Ernie started her chicken farm, with one old hen which died. But she was such a kind-hearted, persistent young girl that the others decided to give her a chicken shower, then she had a dozen hens and a sick rooster. However, the chicken farm is but a small part of this interesting story for young folks; Hazard planted his artichokes, and Ellie her flowers. What wild children they were when first they landed in the country, and how the hayseeds stared at their pranks! Their mother always was interested in their plans and schemes. Haze, the omnivorous reader, continually was springing unexpected bits of information about chickens, trees and flowers, and the wonder was how a city boy had absorbed so much about things bucolic. Little Bobs did not want to grow up, so he gave his birthday to Ernie, because hers came at Christmas, and she never really had a birthday. Kind-hearted Ernie reaped her reward for befriending the old German in the hunt. When he died he left her all his money; but she still clung to her chickens. Incidentally, the author illustrates the folly of young folks reading too much Spencer and Huxley, before they are able fully to digest and discriminate. ("Cock-a-doodle Hill." By Alice Calhoun Haines. Henry Holt & Co.)

### "Quest for the Rose of Sharon"

Burton E. Stevenson has struck the right note for the youthful adventure lovers in his tale, "The Quest for the Rose of Sharon." He plunges into a mystery at the very first opportunity with a hidden treasure, that lodestar which draws young readers with an irresistible appeal. The adventures of Cecil, the sunny little girl, her brother, Dick, and her chum, Tom, who have just one month in which to discover a secret treasure left them by Cecil and Dick's grandaunt, are bristling with excitement, and the denouement does not come until the last moment, and then is brought out in an unexpected manner. Of course, it all ends happily, with just a hint of romance for those youngsters who are standing on the brink of maturity. It would be an excellent Christmas gift for the school girl or boy. ("The Quest for the Rose of Sharon." By Burton E. Stevenson. L. C. Page & Co.)

### Magazines for December

Of notable interest in the current number of The Craftsman is the article by the editor on the rapid growth of the garden city movement which promises to reorganize social conditions all over the world. Another special feature is Katherine Metcalf Roof's descriptive review of "Elektra in Dresden." Richard Strauss' latest opera. Louis Akin contributes an illustrated paper, "Unexplored Beauty in the Canadian Rockies." The art feature this month is an appreciation of the modern Italian painter, Ettore Tito, written by Charles H. Caffin. Marie Louise Goetchius writes a human interest story in "The Work of Living," and of entertaining interest is the sketch with illustrations, of a number of the foremost of the American illustrators.

# Martin Eden

—BY JACK LONDON—

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## BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Is is now nearly ninety years since English literature was enriched by a work bearing the unique title, "Life in London; or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant friend, Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. By Pierce Egan." Egan was a Londoner by birth and was the most popular sporting journalist of his day. His series of sketches, which took London town and country by storm, when the work appeared, embellished with numerous scenes from life, designed and etched by George and Robert Cruikshank, was the book of the period. A little vulgar, indicates Thackeray in one of the best of his Roundabout Papers and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the Regency days "more curious than amusing."

Such is my prize this week at the Old Book Shop, a rare copy of Pierce Egan's masterpiece of the 1869 reprint, but containing all the inimitable colored illustrations, those racy drawings which Thackeray tells us so markedly enhanced the reputation of George Cruikshank. As evidencing the scarcity of the work, Thackeray writes in the Westminster Review that he had isited five principal circulating libraries, the British Museum and elsewhere on a quest for "Tom and Jerry," which, twenty years before, had been so popular, but not a copy could he uncover. Two decades later, Thackeray paid another visit to the British Museum, England's great national library, and this time was successful in finding his old favorite. He is not so enamored of the literary contents as of yore, but he delights in the pictures, which he finds "noble" still. This, too, is my case.

It should be remembered that the age was one of excesses. The young bucks of George Third's day imitated closely the example set by their social betters and the roistering spirit largely prevailed. George Cruikshank has hit it off admirably. He shows Jerry Hawthorn, the rustic, arriving from the country, in a green coat and leather gaiters, and being measured for a fashionable suit at Corinthian House, by Corinthian Tom's tailor. Then away for the career of pleasure and fashion! To the park, the theater, the saloon, the greenroom, the opera, and to Temple Bar. Tom and Jerry are shown with their tight and little cocked hats, coming from the opera. A glimpse of them is given at Almack's—that fashionable resort for frivolous London—with the Duke of Clarence himself looking on as they whirl in the dance. Tom Cribb's parlor they next visit, thence to Newgate, seeing the irons knocked off the malefactor's legs, prior to his execution. But away to merrier scenes! To Tattersall's, to a stroll through Piccadilly, a ramble through Pall Mall, and then on to famous Vauxhall Gardens for the evening entertainment.

Poor Jerry. He is finally used up by

## Gifts for Booklovers

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## Dawson's Bookshop

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Ernest Dawson. H. W. Collins.

all this unwonted excitement, and the last picture represents him getting into the coach at the "White Horse Cellar." His new friends are shaking him by the hand and bidding him farewell. The guard is closing the door, the horn toots and the coach rolls off, bearing Jerry back to bucolic scenes and with a fund of experiences that will last him for a lifetime. So popular was the work that the stage quickly claimed it. Ten versions were played at one time, the most successful of which was Moncrieff's, given at the Adelphi. It had its premier, Monday, November 26, 1821, and ran for upward of three hundred nights. I am sorry to note that everybody connected with it made a fortune from the play except the author, who, as a blind old man, ended his days living on the bounty of the Charter House. Loud cries were raised against the immorality of "Tom and Jerry." The strict Methodists issued tracts at the door of the Adelphi for upward of a year, and from the pulpit roundly inveighed against the show, which, I suspect, only advertised it the more.

I was interested in learning that Pierce Egan, the versatile author, was the editor of a sporting journal which was the organ of the famous Bell's Life in London. His "Life in London and Sporting Guide" was sold at auction in November, 1827, and was purchased by a Mr. Bell, who dropped part of the title and called his publication Bell's Life. Egan, like many of his kind having sporting proclivities, saved nothing for the proverbial rainy day, and when old age overtook him, he was penniless. But in his prime he was persona grata with all the wits of London, with the leading actors, actresses, playwrights and litterateurs. I am delighted to possess his chef d'oeuvre.

S. T. C.





By Blanche Rogers Lott

The good things are being brought to us in close succession this season, but such a delightful singer and excellent program as was combined in George Hamlin's recital Tuesday evening cannot come too often. In the first place, the program was splendidly put together, beginning with two old German folk songs which brought the singer into immediate touch with his audience. The Handel songs followed in true Handelian style and showed the singer's greatest capabilities, vocally. In the groups of German songs, classic and modern, it would be difficult to imagine purer art or deeper intelligence. The voice is a lyric tenor—one of the few voices which could be designated as a tenor de grazia. It is under perfect control, and by most minute contrasts from pianissimo and the clearest of diction, telling crescendos are made possible. The work of the evening was so well rounded out that special mention of certain songs seems out of place. It is a matter of much pleasure that after vocalists of all nationalities, it is possible to give due credit to a genuine singer who is an American. Of vast importance to the success of the evening was the splendid work of Edwin Schneider, the composer-pianist, who was also represented on the program by two charming songs which the audience demanded be sung again. Mr. Hamlin's appearance with the Symphony Orchestra should not be missed.

It is doubtful if there is a city anywhere that provides the artistic programs for its school children that Los Angeles is giving and has given to them at a minimum charge. The credit is due the music director of the schools, Miss Kathryn Stone, Mr. Edson, who has assisted in the work, and clever artists who prepare special programs of a helpful, interesting nature. Such a program was given Thursday afternoon at Simpson Auditorium by Estelle Heardt-Dreyfus, contralto, assisted by Mr. Kopta, violinist, and Mrs. Henning Robinson, accompanist. Prefacing the program was this:

NATURE STORIES TOLD IN MELODY

For the world is full of roses,  
And the roses full of dew,  
And the dew is full of Heavenly love  
That drips for me and you.—Riley.

Under the heading of "Birds," Mrs. Dreyfus sang "Hark, Hark, the Lark" (Schubert), "The Swan" (Grieg), "The Blue Bird" (Zerbo), "The Cuckoo" (Peycke); violin solo, Elegie (Nesvera), Cascade (Kontski), The Zephyr (Hubay), Mountain Echoes (Kopta). Her "Blossoms" were, "Daisies" (Manney), "The Lost Roses" (Speaks), "Smiles" (Peycke); also "The Autumn Gale" (Grieg); and the "Elements," "The Wind" (Spross), "Snowflake" (Cowen), "April Rain" (Speaks). Two local composers were represented by Miss Laura Zerbo and Miss Peycke.

The Krauss String Quartet soon will appear for the polytechnic high school.

The second concert of the Symphony Orchestra will be given Friday afternoon, December 10, at 3 o'clock sharp. The soloist, George Hamlin, will add much interest to the fine program which honors Beethoven as this is his birthday month and, the world over, program builders remember him on their December selections. The afternoon's music will consist of Third Symphony in E flat (Eroica) (Beethoven); Aria, Walther's Prelied (Die Meistersinger) (Wagner); Overture to the Ruins of Athens (Beethoven); Two Songs, Staendchen (Schubert), Drinking Song "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni), Bacchanale (Samson and Delilah) (Saint-Saens).

The Orpheum Club will present its first program of the season Monday evening, December 6, at Simpson Auditorium, J. P. Dupuy directing, and a new accompanist, Will Garroway, at

the piano. Among the numbers are an "Ave Marie" by Nicholai von Wilm, the Russian, which, if like other compositions by this man, should be interesting; "The Devastating Storm," by Paul Bliss, and Dudley Buck's "Annie Laurie" arrangement. Mrs. Stanley Ross Fisher, soprano, will sing Cavatina and Air by Sacchini (1734), whom Burney mentioned as a "graceful, elegant and judicious composer." It is from "Oedipe a Colone," the masterpiece of this composer. Among Mrs. Fisher's other songs will be Trahison (Chaminade). Mr. Garroway, a piano pupil of Mr. Thilo Becker, will play a piano solo as well as the accompanied selections by the club.

Tuesday evening Wenzel Kopta will give a concert at Simpson Auditorium, assisted by Alfredo Wyld-Viteri, pianist, a newcomer to Los Angeles. The program will be:

Violin, Concerto Op. 61, with cadenzas by Joachim (Beethoven); Sonata, "The Devil's Trille" (Tartini); piano, Rondo Op. 16 E flat major, Polonaise Op. 9 B major (Chopin); Concerto (Schubert); Capriccio (Spies); piano, Rhapsodie Op. 79 (Brahms); Capriccio Esquale (Mozzkowsky); violin, Polonaise de Concert (Laud).

Dr. Wullner's second recital will be given Thursday evening, December 9. Friedrich Brandes of the Leipsic University said, as far back as 1902, "You may call Ludwig Wullner a singer or not a singer, but as you please. He is infinitely more; he is a priest of our holy German art, which is fortunate to be placed in the care of such a devoted and sincere adherent." The program includes several "requests," as is always the case with this singer, for they pour into him from those who have heard him at other times, in other places. We are fortunate to have the two Sinding songs. The program, entire, is:

Der Wegweiser, Der Lindenbaum, Muth, Der Doppelgänger, by request, Erlkoenig, by request (Schubert); Der arme Peter, Zwei Venetianer Lieder, Aufträge (Schumann); Der Tambour, Der Rattenfänger, Epiphania (Hugo Wolff); Der Asra (Rubinstein); Totengraberlied, Ein Weib (Sinding); Das Lied des Steinklopfers, by request, Carillon, by request (Strauss); Archibald Douglas (Loewe).

For the success of the symphony concerts a new stage arrangement is absolutely necessary. As it is now, the soloist cannot hear the orchestra. Of course, the best work of the artist, no matter how great he or she may be, is impossible. This is a question for the board of directors to look into. The stage of the Auditorium is a large one, and, surely, a re-seating of the men would not be out of the question if perfect harmony between soloists and orchestra would result from the change. A recent soloist said a constant thought of time, even to a steady movement of the foot was needful to have anything like accord. There must be a remedy for this.

The first concert of that splendid organization of women, the Lyric Club, will be given next Friday evening, at Simpson Auditorium. A cantata by Henry K. Hadley, the American composer, who is now in charge of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, has the place of honor on the program. It is called "The Fate of Princess Riyo, a Legend of Japan." Other numbers are "By Babylon's Wave" (Gounod-Harris), "Awakening," by Abbie Norton Jamison, a member of this club and the Dominant Club; "Carmena Waltz" (Wilson), "A Southern Lullaby" (Greeley), "In Fair Seville" (Pierne-Elliott). Mr. Harry Girard, the popular baritone-composer, will be the soloist. J. B. Poulin will conduct, with Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue at the piano.

Mrs. Estelle Heardt-Dreyfus will sing for the Elks memorial service, Sunday, in San Bernardino, and in the same place is to give her nature program for the Woman's Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott give a program of songs and piano solos for the Sacramento Music Club today, December 4.

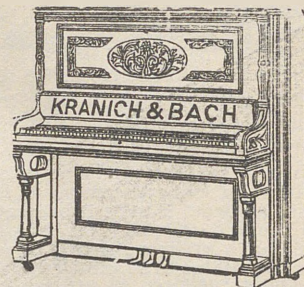
The recital of Mr. Haroldi has been postponed until January 21.

Mr. George Kruger, the pianist, has decided upon January 6 as the date of his introductory concert, and Mrs. Le Grand Reed has secured January 14. Then, February 3, these three artists combine in a concert.

Miss Marcella Craft made her debut

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recently at the Munich Royal Opera, where she has been engaged for five years, with great success in Puccini's "Boheme."

Alexander Heinemann, the great German singer, and he is a real singer in every sense of the world, is to tour America early next season.

#### Stamps For the Prevention Fund

To further a work which should have the support of every man, woman and child, the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis will sell Christmas Greeting stamps at one cent each, the various merchants of the city having generously offered to place the stamps on sale in their places of business. Besides lending assistance to this great work, each stamp will add a note of cheer to the Christmas packages which are exchanged. It is in the holiday colors of red and green, carries the season's greetings, and also serves as a miniature history, as it shows the four flags which have waved over California. Each stamp purchased will add one cent to the fund to wipe out the consumption in this city and state. Last



year a large amount of money was raised, and this year the local society hopes to make a record for itself and attain a good sum. Los Angeles has a great and growing need for this association. The statistics compiled by the organization are appalling. In the last two years it has alleviated the distressing situation to a large extent, through free advice, treatment and nurse visitation from its free dispensary at 737 Buena Vista street. Los Angeles has perhaps more reason to encourage this society than any other city in the union. The climate of Southern California draws a large number of consumptives here, and many of these cases are indigent. The aim of the association is not only to help these unfortunates, but to afford a measure of protection for citizens who are in danger of infection because the victims of the disease do not know how to care for themselves, and by carelessness and ignorance spread the germs broadcast. Certainly, Los Angelenos should prove their sympathy with the work by buying at least a million of the cheer-giving stamps.

## The Berlitz Schools of Languages

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## Mme. Sembrich to Appear in Concert

Madame Sembrich will appear in concert at Simpson Auditorium, December 14, perhaps affording music lovers their last chance to hear this artiste, as Mme. Sembrich is contemplating retirement from professional life. On her concert tour she has the assistance of two brilliant American artists, Francis Rogers, baritone, and Frank La Forge. Both have appeared frequently before representative American audiences and are well known.





Monday evening, December 6, Mr. Ralph Fullerton Mocine will open an exhibition of his paintings in the small gallery of Blanchard Hall. This promises to be a one-man show of exceptional interest, as Mr. Mocine is a young local painter, who seems to be seeking out a story of his own that he has to tell. He is not content to follow in the lines and imitate the low tones and dull, somber coloring of those who have achieved big reputations in the Los Angeles art colony. Mr. Mocine's pictures are full of light and atmosphere. He, for the most part, paints California in its brightest and most joyous moods, eliminating those purple brown shadows which make most of the pictures one sees of the Pacific coast appear so monotonously alike. Besides the California landscapes, Mr. Mocine will probably show several canvases he painted when in Europe recently. Having in mind his picture shown lately at the exhibition of work by representative Southern California artists, counted among the best landscapes in the room, his exhibition ought to prove full of interest, and should attract a good attendance in the two weeks of its continuance.

In the main gallery of the Blanchard Hall an exhibition of mixed interest is planned. There will be a number of Japanese prints from Miss Curran's collection, which, by the way, is a very fine one; such men as Kokusai, Harunobu, Kakimono and Taito, the second the favorite pupil of Hokusai, will be represented. To the painter as well as to the student of Oriental art, this collection offers a unique opportunity, revealing as it does the essence of Japanese art, which presents the curious anomaly of a realistic presentation of life, by means of an essentially formal mode of expression. But with the Japanese veracity for the subject treated is never confused with the Occidental's all-absorbing desire for exact verisimilitude. With him truth is not a matter of facts and data. He arrives at it through a subtle process of suggestion, by means of a careful elimination of unessentials, until the matter is presented in all its innate beauty, and with only a few well-chosen lines. To him, more than any other, art is a synthesis of life, in which an austere simplicity goes hand in hand with a luxurious fancy. In the midst of this preoccupation with the essence of reality, there is no less strong feeling for design that shall make of his pictures of court life, of domestic scenes and gay festivals an array of pure decoration that cannot fail to prove a pleasing and harmonious spot for the eye to rest upon.

Nor do these preoccupations, and the conventions within which they are developed, prevent him from stamping the mark of his personality upon his work, so that the intelligent student is able to identify a Hokusai and a Harunobu as readily as a Veronese and a Velasquez. Miss Curran is fortunate in having been able to obtain examples of the great Hokusai, who may be said to mark the culmination of the art of painting in Japan. In him one finds all that is best and most significant in Japanese technique, which he used with a force never equalled. He understood better than his predecessors the laws governing painting and the color of the silk. A warm brown was not that of old age, but deliberately stained to give the effect of submarine tones.

Besides the Japanese prints, one entire wall will be devoted to small oil and water colors, the prices of which are intended to meet the requirements of the buying public who wish to make delightfully useful holiday presents. There will also be shown French, English and German prints from the collections of Mr. Hector Alliot and Mrs. M. E. McVicker. Modern wood-block prints, etchings, photographs, book-plates, monotypes and lithographs will be exhibited by well-known eastern artists. Miss Curran will also display a number of her American prints.

One especially interesting feature will be the exhibition of many of Mr.

Burbank's drawings, in red chalk, of the Indians. These will include a great many portraits of famous Indian chiefs. This artist has gained for himself a world-wide reputation by his paintings and drawings of the Indians of California, Arizona and New Mexico and of the northwest. Mr. Burbank has lived with them, and one might almost say has been their companion for many years, and there is no painter, and possibly no writer, who knows their ways, habits and traditions better than does he. Through this constant contact with them and his wonderful talent, he is able to furnish the discerning with an insight in his representations of the red man that no other artist has ever been able to do. This exhibition alone will be well worth a visit to the gallery.

Mr. Jack Stark, whose exhibition of paintings came to a successful and brilliant close this week, will show a few of his etchings. They evince all the originality and masterly drawing that one might expect after having seen his all-too-brief exhibition. Seldom has a picture show created such a stir as the recent one held by Mr. Stark. There have been many and numerous opinions expressed relative to the manner of his paintings. There have been those who said they did not see nature his way; that is only natural, but the consensus of opinion has been that they are wonderfully brilliant examples of a school which, while not always popular with the public, has almost universally been treated with the greatest respect by connoisseurs of art and by painters themselves.

At the Kanst Art Gallery are shown two brilliant examples from the brush of Mr. Benjamin Brown of Pasadena. Even among so fine a collection as those now being exhibited by Mr. Kanst these canvases by the California painter do not fail to hold their own. One of these was sold last week.

Mr. Steckel is holding an exhibition of pictures by two or three painters, and it includes several canvases signed by Jules Pages, the American painter now living at Paris and the present head of the famous Julian school. These paintings are splendid examples of the artist's skill and apparently are painted with the greatest ease. But if one should think it is easy, just let him try it. In these canvases every brush mark is made to count. No rubbing and playing with paint, thereby relying more or less on chance effects, but straightforward drawing with the brush-work that one might expect from such a master as Sargent, with the exception that Sargent would probably use colors of greater brilliancy and of more polychromatic hues.

Mr. Benjamin Brown is represented by two capital landscapes. One, especially, is a particularly charming example of the tones that one can find in this country if the artist does not always look for the conventional. Anyone desiring to see Mr. Brown at his best should make a visit to Mr. Steckel's gallery and have a look at these two canvases.

Mr. Borg is also represented with a fascinatingly clever night scene in Mexico. No young painter has made such enormous strides in the last year as has Mr. Borg. If he would pay just a little more attention to his values in the middle distances, he would be great.

Allen Harvey, a young Englishman, has opened a gallery, chiefly of work by English painters, in the Security building. Mr. Harvey was formerly with Messrs. Agnew & Co., the great art dealers of London. He is an excellent judge of art, and it is hoped he will remain in Los Angeles.

Through a recent purchase, the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art has come into an extraordinary specimen of original Greek sculpture. It is a marble statue, rather less than life size, of an old peasant woman, who is offering her farm products for sale. It is an example of the naturalistic tendency in Greek art, which is comparatively rare but by no means unknown, as it constitutes a well-defined class of works of art which began about 323 B. C., with the death of Alexander the Great, and continued until the Roman conquest. The "Old Market Woman" was found in Rome in September, 1907, at the corner of the Via della Consolazione and the Via Montecaprio, being brought to light by the destruction of old buildings belonging

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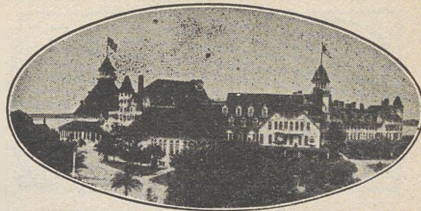
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to the Congregation of the Operai della Divina Pietà, where it was buried in the subsoil of the cellar. The marble is of a Greek variety, and has a beautiful old-ivory tone. Small traces of color remain in the bright pink on the border of the himation, between the knees, and a dark greenish on the sandal strap of the left foot.

Mr. Kanst has received about sixteen new canvases this week from the east. These will be shown the ensuing week. The attendance and interest in his exhibition has been most gratifying. Sales, too, have been encouraging. It seems a pity that all these canvases now being shown cannot be retained here. They are far too good and representative of all that is best in the United States ever to leave the city. Los Angeles has opportunity to become the Florence of America. With a climate even better than that of Italy, wealth, beautiful homes, and an artistic environment, she should be famous as the art-loving city of America.

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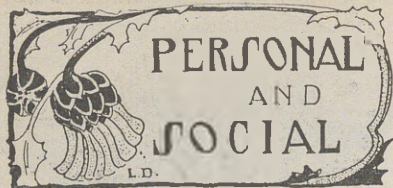
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By Ruth Burke

Society folk at present are deeply engrossed in plans and preparations for the Kirmess, which is to be given in February by the building committee of the Los Angeles Orphans' Asylum. On the committee are Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Allan Balch, Mrs. J. W. Dawson and others well known in the exclusive society circles here. The members of the Assistance League have offered their services as a sort of auxiliary, and the affair promises to be a tremendous success. At a meeting held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Bryant on West Twenty-eighth street, considerable of the preliminary work was accomplished. Following the arrival of Miss Stewart, who will drill the dancers and act as stage director, the invitations to take part will be issued. Among the women who are to be identified with the Kirmess are Mes. Hancock Banning, Ernest Bryant, Allan Balch, Will E. Dunn, Henry O'Melveny, Henry T. Lee, C. N. Sterry, Kate Vosburg, Wesley Clark, Guy Barham, Howard E. Huntington, John Griffith, Burton Green, William May Garland, Michael J. Connell, Sumner P. Hunt, LeMoyné Wills, Scott Heim, J. F. Sartori, Walter Newhall, S. T. Clover, Margaret Hobbs, Walter Trask, W. T. Bishop, Jaro von Schmidt, Roland Bishop, Frank Hicks, George S. Patton, Henry Carlton Lee, Hugh L. Macneil, Milo M. Potter, Alfred Solano, Edwin T. Earl, F. A. Walton, Eyre Barrow-french, F. W. Flint, Jr., E. F. C. Klokke, J. Ross Clark and Henry H. Kerckhoff.

Particularly brilliant was the large tea given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Walter Leeds of 22 Berkeley Square. Two hundred and fifty invitations were issued for the afternoon and guests were received between the house of 4 and 7 o'clock. Assisting the hostess in receiving and entertaining were Mes. I. N. Van Nuys, Walter Newhall, Ezra Stimson, Hancock Banning, J. G. Mossin, Henry W. O'Melveny, J. A. Graves, Granville MacGowan, Catesby Thom, Nathaniel Wilshire, Frank Reiley, Henry Lee, W. S. Hook, Jr., Hugh Stewart, Jefferson Chandler, E. Avery McCarthy, Chester Montgomery, Misses Annis Van Nuys, Florence Clark, Louis Burke, Sallie Utley, Katherine Graves, Grace Mellus, Virginia Nourse and Inez Clark.

One of the most attractive debutantes of the season is Miss Katherine Stearns, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John E. Stearns of 27 St. James Park, who made her formal bow to society Wednesday afternoon at a large and elaborately appointed function given by her mother. The decorations in flowers and ferns were artistically carried out. Receiving with Mrs. Stearns and Miss Stearns were Mes. E. P. Clark, Charles Modini-Wood, John G. Mott, Henderson Hayward, A. J. Salisbury, William Irving Hollingsworth, Herbert M. Bishop, Erasmus Wilson, Edwin S. Rowley, E. H. Moore, Misses Grace Rowley, Katherine Clark, Marjorie Utley, Julia Pierce, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Annette Ives, Cora Ives and Evelyn Kennedy.

One of the largest and most brilliant of the week's society affairs will be the tea which Mrs. Walter Newhall will give this afternoon at the Los Angeles Country Club in honor of her niece, Miss Marian Newhall of San Francisco. Guests will include members of the younger exclusive set. Sunday evening she will entertain a few friends of the same social circle at dinner at her home in Chester place, this affair also being in compliment to her niece.

Included among the several large and delightful affairs of the week was the bridge luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. Albert J. Sherer of 986 Arapahoe street. The decorations were in potted plants, large bay trees and potted ferns. The table was arranged artistically in violets and the place cards ornamented with violets in hand-painting bore the names of the guests in gold lettering. Covers were laid for Mes. H. Jevne, Arthur Braly, Jack Jevne, Kroedel, E. T. Barber, Baker P. Lee, A. T. Jergins, Carl L. Doron, George Rector, William C. Tonkin,

Ernest V. Rivers, Charles B. Nichols, Ira B. Smith, E. H. Miller, Ernest G. Taylor, Frank McArthur, Rudolph Mausard, Thomas Wright, W. A. Morehouse, William E. Bush, S. W. Strong, J. C. Brown, Theodore Stassforth, William W. Sherer, E. T. Sherer, H. R. Coate, George A. Ralphs, Frank A. Vickery, T. B. Marshall, Ralph Hagan, Frank Goodin, S. Simmons, H. Clay Breeden, M. H. Whittier, S. A. Bulfinch, John W. McAlister Saeger, Benjamin F. Church, Frank A. Bowles, Misses Lulu Page, Elizabeth Page, Grace Pease, Anna Pease and Jessie Pease.

At a large and handsomely appointed reception given by her mother, Mrs. Willits J. Hole of 1907 West Sixth street, Miss Agnes Hole made her formal debut in society Wednesday afternoon. Guests were received between 3 and 5 o'clock, and the reception was one of the largest of the season, five hundred invitations being issued for the afternoon. Assisting in receiving were Mes. George Bayly, William Irving Hollingsworth, J. B. Millard, E. C. Dieter, Henderson Hayward, George H. Kress, W. S. Crass, R. J. Waters, Valentine Peyton, Reuben Shettler, Nicholas E. Rice, Robert Marsh, E. C. Bellows, Fred S. Lang, A. C. Smithers, W. L. Jones, Lewis Clark Carlisle and W. W. Orcutt.

Mrs. Carl L. Doron of 991 Vermont avenue entertained yesterday with an artistically appointed bridge luncheon. Pink sweet peas were utilized in the effective decorations, and place cards bearing the hostess' name in gold letters designated seats for Mes. A. J. Sherer, F. H. Nichols, E. C. Bellows, J. C. Brown, Percy Ross, F. A. Hurlbut, E. H. Miller, C. L. Higbee, C. H. Fayram, J. H. Owen, C. H. McWilliams, Malone Joyce, Reynoldson, A. C. Briggs, George Briggs, W. C. Stose, F. H. Small, F. H. Bulfinch, G. M. Spencer, J. C. Spencer, George Beck, Thomas Wright, A. T. Jergins, George McKnight, E. J. Elson, J. R. Barrere, J. S. Parker and Frank Garrett.

Miss Marion Mellen, daughter of Mr. C. S. Mellen, president of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., arrived in Los Angeles Thursday for a visit. She will be the house guest of her uncle, Mr. N. H. Foster and Mrs. Foster during the winter.

Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley and her daughter, Miss Grace Rowley, of 2621 Menlo avenue, have issued invitations for a series of luncheons to be given at their home, the first to take place next Wednesday afternoon. Others will be given Friday, December 10; Wednesday, December 15, and Friday, December 17.

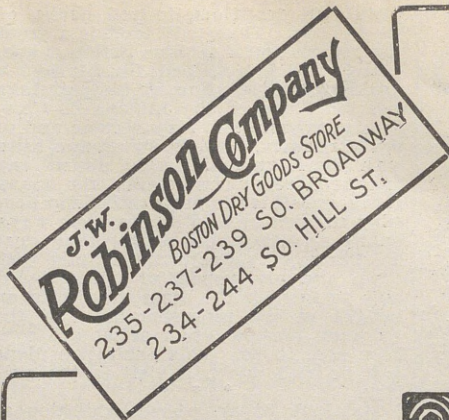
Mrs. Samuel Jackson Whitmore of Hotel Alexandria was hostess Monday afternoon at a delightful reception. Yellow chrysanthemums with foliage were used in the decorations of the rooms, and Mrs. Whitmore was assisted in receiving by Mes. Thomas P. Phillips, Albert H. Busch, Carl Kurtz, Hugh Harrison; Misses Edna Letts, Gladys Letts and Jane Rollins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Michod, the latter formerly Miss Elsie Milner, have returned from their extended wedding trip and are now in their new home at 58 Victoria Park, on Alta Drive, where Mrs. Michod will be at home to her friends informally next Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Arthur Letts and her daughters, Misses Edna and Gladys Letts, of Hollywood, will be at home to friends Tuesday of next week and the first Tuesday in each month thereafter, during the winter.

Mrs. Z. E. Briggs, wife of Lieutenant Briggs, who has been passing several months here, has returned from a visit in San Diego with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Henry Stibolt, and is again a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin of 600 North Vermont avenue. Several delightful informal affairs are planned in Mrs. Briggs' honor for next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stirling Boothe were host and hostess one evening this week at a theater party at the Orpheum, following by a supper at Levy's, the affair being in compliment to Miss Hazel Bryson and Miss Nell Lockwood, who are playing at the Orpheum this week. The table was arranged with violets, and covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Youngworth, Mr. and Mrs. Peters, Dr. and Mrs. Jack



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Japanese tabourettes, tea tables and library tables, Japanese bronze and brass vases, jardinières, etc. Japanese baskets.

And a splendid assortment of fern dishes, vases, etc., in "Idzumi" ware—green pottery, wicker bound—at 75c to \$2.50 apiece.

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McGarry, Mr. and Mrs. Bagg, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Dyas, Miss Frances Duncan, Mrs. J. Lockwood, Miss Katherine Kurtz, Miss Peycke, Mr. Edward Maier, Mr. William Boyle, Mr. George Ragland and Mr. George Cline.

In compliment to her niece, Miss Ada L. Potts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Potts of 1033 West Sixth street, Mrs. W. S. James of 521 Shatto place entertained Monday evening with a prettily appointed dancing party. The living room was decorated with holly berries, suggestive of the approaching holiday season, and in the dining room asparagus and silver balls were used. Golden balls, with intermingling of ferns, were used in the reception room, library and den. Mrs. James and Miss Potts were assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mrs. J. H. Call, Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. W. R. Hervey, Mrs. George Kyte, Mrs. Potts, Mrs. William E. Eelbie, Mrs. Stanley Knight, Mrs. H. S. Hurlbut, Miss Jessie Potts and Miss Augusta Lamb.

Mrs. Howard E. Huntington of Oak Knoll entertained informally Thursday afternoon at her home, her guests including about twenty of the younger matrons. Large clusters of chrysanthemums were used in the decorations.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frederick Adam and family of Orchard avenue will leave Sunday for New York. Upon their return to the west later, they will make their home in Berkeley.

December's program for the Friday Morning Club is one of interest. Next Friday, December 10, Charles H. Mann will give a talk on William James' new philosophy, a review of "A Pluralistic Universe." Friday, December 17, the entertainment will be a piano recital by Mr. George Kruger. Mr. Kruger, who is a native of Lubeck, North Germany, takes conspicuous rank among the musicians of the present day as a virtuosos pianist. There will be no program for Friday, December 24, on account of the holiday, but a special feature of the month will be a talk which Miss Olga Nethersole will give Friday, December 31, on "The Drama of Today and Tomorrow." A meeting



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of the book committee will be held Wednesday, December 8, when a discussion of Galsworthy's "Fraternity," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage à la Mode" and "The Inner Shrine" (anonymous) will be enjoyed.

At a dinner given Thursday evening at Hotel Woodward by Mr. and Mrs. Peter McClelland of Waco, Texas, announcement was made of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ida May McClelland to Dr. F. Earl Brown. Twelve guests were present, and following the dinner, dancing was enjoyed.

As a surprise to their many friends was the marriage Wednesday noon of Miss Vinette Morris and Mr. Charles Lohman, which was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris, 2646 Normandie avenue. Although the engagement was announced several months ago, it was neither confirmed nor denied, and the nuptials this week came as a pleasant surprise to the friends, only a few of whom were told the secret at the last minute. The bride wore a traveling suit of green broadcloth, and a wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lohman left on a tour of California and the eastern states. They will make their future home in St. Louis, where Mr. Lohman is in business.

Announcement is made by Mrs. Anna Powers Bailey of 1875 West Twenty-fifth street of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Bailey, to Mr. Edward F. Eastman of San Francisco. The wedding will take place soon after the new year.

Mrs. W. N. Crandall of 679 Hoover street entertained informally Wednesday evening at their home with a dancing party in honor of the chorus of graduates who recently played in "Professor Napoleon."

Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. McConnell have returned from a two months' trip through the north and east. Among the places they visited were Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, St. Paul and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Pridham of 4665 Pasadena avenue are back from an extended visit in the northern part of the state.

Los Angelans registering recently at Hotel del Coronado include Mr. L. E. Behymer, Mr. F. W. Benton, Mr. R. H. McRea, Mr. A. E. Keller, Mr. J. Rowland, Mrs. G. Hyer, Miss Hyer, Mrs. G. Russ, Miss David, Mr. Walter Hampel, Mr. L. N. Brunswick, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Albright, Mr. R. Arenz, Mr. C. F. Ballchweiler and Mr. T. J. Fleming.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner L. Ross of 1006 South Alvarado street gave an informal affair Monday evening at their home in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Bacon, who recently came here from the east and are domiciled at 1000 South Alvarado street. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. Sherburn, Dr. and Mrs. Carson, Judge and Mrs. Valentine, Mr. Henry A. Hiscox, Mr. Lloyd Squires and Mr. Rugby Ross.

Mrs. Leon F. Moss of 1241 Lake street will be hostess at a luncheon next Tuesday. The following week Mrs. Moss will give another affair and after the holidays she plans a series of delightful entertainments.

Mrs. John T. Jones of 2637 Portland street entertained a number of friends at auction bridge at her home Monday afternoon.

Miss Myrtle La Touche of 2006 South Union avenue entertained Wednesday with a card party for about thirty friends, the affair being in compliment to Miss Bernice Estelle Heber, who is to marry Miss La Touche's brother, Mr. Guy La Touche, December 14.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McConnell of 1023 West Thirty-fifth place have left for the Atlantic coast, whence they sail for an extended European tour. They plan to remain in the east until after the holidays, and will enjoy a three months' cruise of the Mediterranean, later passing the summer touring England and the continent. Miss McConnell has returned from San Francisco, and in the absence of her parents will remain at home, chaperoned by Mrs. Isabel Harvey.

Mrs. Charles L. Givernaud of West Washington street was hostess Saturday afternoon at a box party at the

## Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

In the mouth there are a number of glands that secrete a substance called saliva. Mixing this saliva with food, although few seem to realize that this should be done, prevents indigestion. Try it.

Do not drop down in your chair and in so doing jar and shake the entire body. This little habit will shorten your life and lay the foundation for chronic disease. The elastic cartilage between the vertebrae of the spine are susceptible to these jars. They are easily compressed, and through continual abuse are eventually thinned. This impedes the operation of the life-giving nerve impulse and of a necessity causes sickness and disease.

### Sleeping

Sleep is the body's life saver. It is a genuine, pure and unadulterated tonic. Tired muscles, weary brain and exhausted nerve vitality are restored to the normal through the wonder-working power of nature, all accomplished while we sleep.

At night we are tired, and by actual measurement, shorter. In the morning we are rested and from one-fourth to an inch taller. Why? Because, during sleep, nature has expanded the compressed body tissue, and, in particular, the elastic cushions or springs called cartilage. This permits the life impulse to operate through unobstructed nerve channels, and we are rested.

At night compression and structural interference upon the nerve channels that carry the life force, impede its operation, and we are tired. The next morning, we are rested, or should be. If you are still tired, it denotes that the life-giving forces of the body are impeded. If you get up tired—don't work that day—it is nature's danger signal, warning you to slack up or there will be a wreck ahead. Rest a day and night and overworked nature may catch up. If this tired condition continues, it will develop into sickness and disease that tonics, stimulants, or even rest will not eradicate. If this chronic condition has been induced, the only natural method for creating the normal is to remove that which is causing the interference. Water will not flow freely through a hose that is obstructed. Neither can the life-giving impulse operate through nerve channels that are obstructed.

Mason Opera House, and following the matinee tea was served at the Alexandria, where the table was prettily decorated with Maman Cochet roses and lilies of the valley. Guests were Mrs. George L. Cole, Mrs. George Montgomery, Mrs. Ralph Hagan, Mrs. S. Yslas, Mrs. William J. Variel and Miss Gunther of Dayton, Ohio, who is visiting here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Weidner.

Announcement has been made of the betrothal of Miss Ione Dyke, daughter of Mrs. F. M. Dyke, to Mr. James A. Brewer, the secret having been unfolded recently at a luncheon and card party given by Mrs. Dyke in honor of her daughter's twentieth birthday. Miss Dyke is an attractive and popular young woman, and her betrothed, who is connected with the Park Bank, is a member of the Sigma Sigma fraternity. Date for the wedding has not been set, but the nuptials will probably be celebrated in the early summer.

Members of the Ebell Club will enjoy an unusually interesting and entertaining program this month. This afternoon's feature is a lecture on "Some Phases of the Immigration Question," by Mr. Robert Watchorn, who for a number of years was commissioner of immigration at the port of New York. For the remainder of the month the program will be as follows: Monday, December 13, song cycle, "The Romance of the year," by Shapleigh. Mr. Archibald Sessions, as director and pianist, will be aided in the presentation by Mrs. Edmund S. Shank, soprano; Mrs. Estelle Heatt-Dreyfus, contralto; Mr. Abraham Miller, tenor, and Mr. Henry S. Williams, baritone. December 20, there will be no meeting held. December 27, the annual Ebell Club children's party will be given in charge of Mrs. R. B. Baumgardt and Mrs. Samuel V. McClure. It will be a fancy dress affair, and each child is re-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

## Hotel Alexandria

The popular ALEXANDRIA TEA is now open for the Winter Season in the Grand Salon off Marble Lobby.

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Daniel Voorhees Pike, who hails from Kokomo, Ind., is the center of attraction in "The Man From Home," which has been delighting well-filled houses at the Auditorium this week. The part is essayed by Henry Hall, a tall, slim, personable actor, whose ease in manners and clothes hardly comports with his cacology. Perhaps it is customary for Indiana lawyers to say "I don't know as" and "he don't do it," but not the kind who wear well-tailored clothes, who do everything with a careless grace, bespeaking an acquaintance with the politenesses of society, and who have so broad an outlook as the Mr. Pike, drawn by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. In only one particular does he exhibit boorishness. It is when receiving a call in his apartments from the dowager Lady Creech, he fails to precede her to the door and open it for her exit. In this little detail he betrays his provincialism.

In this, however, and in his lingual gaucheries, doubtless he is typical of many shrewd, honest Hoosiers, who have studied Blackstone and neglected their Lindley Murray; only, Mr. Hall is so inconsistent as to forget his verbal lapses at times, especially in the climax to the third act, when he denounces the Earl of Hawcastle and the Countess de Champigny to his young wards, and spoils their preying game. But one is willing to overlook these little departures in view of the excellencies of the character and the capital manner in which Daniel Pike circumvents the designs of the decadent earl. He arrives at Sorrento in response to a letter from Ethel Granger-Simpson, of whom, with her brother, Horace, he has been constituted guardian by his old friend, their deceased father. The girl has been dazzled by the titled bait extended, and is ready to marry Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, the vacuous son of the Earl of Hawcastle, who has demanded a settlement of \$750,000 as the price of the alliance. How this little game is frustrated, the chicanery and villainy of the earl exposed, and the contemptible conduct of the son made clear, constitute the plot of the play, which however, hardly requires four acts to reveal to Ethel her mistake and show how narrowly she missed getting the love of a true-hearted American by her foolishness.

Miss Forbes is not ideally cast as Ethel Granger-Simpson; she has stiffness of manners and little magnetism to put across the footlights. In the last act she mellows a trifle, but is devoid of the charming willfulness that might have kept her guardian guessing if cleverly displayed. Mary Elizabeth Forbes lives up to her dual Christian names. Emma Meffert as the comtesse and Bertha Welby as Lady Creech do satisfactory work.

Next to Mr. Hall, Charles D. Herman as the Grand Duke Vasilivitch bears off the honors. His portrayal of the Russian nobleman is well-conceived. Harrington Reynolds is more reminding of an unscrupulous stock broker than an English earl. But as he is not to the manner born, perhaps it is a consistent picture he presents. He does not, at any time, suggest an Englishman, however. Vaughan Trevor's Almeric St. Aubyn is consistently and cleverly depicted; he earned the contempt of his audience from the start and maintained it to the end without a break. The minor characters are in adequate hands. Excellent stage effects aid in the presentation of a delightful production. S. T. C.

#### "Heir to the Hoorah" at the Burbank

That the Burbank company does not make an unequalled success of "The Heir to the Hoorah" is a distinct disappointment to their admirers. One would have thought the play admirably suited to this company, yet it falls short of the mark in several instances. Blanche Hall is sympathetic in her role of Mrs. Joe Lacy, and is prettily and becomingly gowned. But Lovell Alice Taylor gathers the feminine honors in her interpretation of Mrs. Kate Brandon, displaying her talents as a comedienne in the most sparkling fashion. Louise Royce as is unpleasant a

mother-in-law as ever a hen-pecked husband dreamed of, and Margo Duffett is a winsome, if somewhat peppery, Madge. The men do not succeed so well. Byron Beasley's emotional scenes are ragged, and he lets his climaxes lose their tensivity by failing completely to abandon himself to the part. Not that his efforts are unworthy—far from it—but he needs more warmth in his delineation. David Landau, the new man, does the best work of the masculine cast. Of course, his value cannot well be judged by this one part, but he gives evidence that he possesses artistic talent. Henry Stockbridge, too, falls just a few inches below the mark he has set for himself. His conception of Bud Young's sartorial glory is well enough in the first three acts, but in the last act, when Bud is supposed to be at ease and to possess the grace of well-trained muscles in his working clothes, why should he be made to appear an awkward bumpkin? A little better "team work," a straining of individual effort to make an effective ensemble would greatly improve the performance.

#### "Singing Bandits" at the Majestic

Despite the known ability and the conscientious work of the principals of the Persse-Mason company, in their presentation of "The Singing Bandits," an operatic comedy, at the Majestic Theater this week, there is a drag to the performance and an occasional discordance in the music which is only partially atoned for by the rendition of the popular sextet from "Lucia" and the quartet from "Rigoletto." The plot of the musical production is worthy a greater expansion than the developing affords. Many crudities are observable that stamp the offering as amateurish, and what comedy is injected into the play comes through the situations and not by means of the lines, which, for the most part, are witless to the point of inanity. The score in places is discordant and mechanical. Edith Mason and Thomas H. Persse, who head the company, are aided by good support in the persons of Bernice Holmes, Harold Reeves, Noble Grayson, Robert McKim, Georgia Knowlton and H. I. Dempster, and it is to be regretted that they have not a better medium for their singing, the quality of which is attested in their interpolations of the two favorite opera selections.

#### "The Climbers" at the Belasco

In "The Climbers," one of the best of the late Clyde Fitch's plays, Lewis S. Stone and other members of the Belasco company this week do markedly good work. The cast throughout is well sustained, and particularly praiseworthy are the characterizations of Mr. Stone, Thais Magrane, Ida Lewis, Frank E. Camp and Richard Vivian. Hesitancy in lines by a few of the players detracted slightly from the merit of the opening night's performance, but otherwise the interpretations were admirable. Mr. Stone as Ned Warden gives a portrayal that can scarce be bettered. He is strong, virile and withal natural in the dramatic scenes, and does especially good work in the climaxes of the third and fourth acts. Miss Magrane in the variety of emotions which the play exacts, meets every requirement. One of the best bits of the production is Ida Lewis' depiction of Mrs. Hunter. Her work is consistent, and she plays the difficult part in a manner that avoids the lurking pitfall of exaggeration, which would render the role farcical. Mr. Camp's Dick Sterling, while differing slightly from previous portrayals, is nevertheless commendable. His Sterling is a weak man, who, cognizant of its own failings, should arouse the compassion of the wife and win from her a sympathy overbalancing her regard for Warden. Richard Vivian contributes a humorous touch in his Mr. Trotter, and Adele Farrington does a clever bit of acting in the role of Miss Godesby. The play is exceptionally well mounted.

#### "The Tenderfoot" at the Grand

Despite its inanity, "The Tenderfoot" is being given a spicy performance at the Grand Opera House this week. The Hartman company is splendidly balanced, and with two such excellent voices as those of Oscar Walch and Josephine Islieb, and the pleasing and acceptable singing of Walter de Leon, there are gems to be found in every act. Ferris Hartman plays Pettibone, the tenderfoot, in a mildly placid way that tickles the risibles of his audience. Oscar Walch is manly in appearance and voice as Col. Paul Winthrop, al-



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though he might permeate his love-making with a little more warmth with good effect. Miss Islieb is a fetching Marion and sings like a bird—which trite old metaphor gains new charm when applied to her. Walter Catlett further proves his value as a comedian in his characterization of Hop Lee. Other good bits are offered



DAVID LANDAU AT THE BURBANK

by Walter de Leon, Josie Hart and Muggins Davies. There is a chorus girl in the company who is going to make her mark one day—the tall, dark girl who sings in a rich contralto that is heard above all her fellows. It would be interesting to see what opportunity might develop in this "Gibson girl."

#### Novelties at the Orpheum

Mediocrity marks the newcomers on the Orpheum bill, with the exception of the Three Bounding Gordons, who perform remarkably skillful feats, both in acrobatic tumbling and in gymnastic exhibitions. An example of what a vaudeville sketch should not be is Gerald Villiers Stuart's "The Drums of

Doom," which Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell are presenting this week. The lines are stilted, the epigrams too obvious, the situations strained. Nor is it played convincingly either by Miss Seligman or Mr. Bramwell. The actress overdoes her emotional scenes in a manner which is unnatural and uncomfortable. She gives the illusion of smiling broadly when she is supposed to be in the depths of despair. Her description of the execution of Jim Killbridge is a striking bit of work, but the remainder of her portrayal is not consistent. Nell Lockwood and Hazel Bryson, local girls who are great favorites, have a pretty little turn that is enjoyable without being extraordinary. The last of the newcomers, the Bootblack Quartet, is not distinguished for any great ability. The comedian does the best work of the quartet, but none of the voices is especially pleasing. Hal Godfrey, the eccentric character actor, offers a funny little sketch, and Keno, Walsh & Melrose, Edward La Vine, and Mlle. Mianci comprise the holdovers.

#### Offerings Next Week

Fritzi Scheff comes to the Mason Opera House Monday night for a week's engagement, including the usual Saturday matinee, in the new comic opera written for her by Henry Blosson and Victor Herbert, entitled "The Prima Donna." Madame Scheff has enjoyed a long run at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, in this piece, and it is said to be an excellent vehicle for the exercise of her talents. She enacts the role of Mlle. Athnee, reigning prima donna of the Opera Comique in Paris, and the part is said to demonstrate her powers as an emotional actress as well as a singer. The company includes John E. Hazzard, Vernon Davidson, William K. Harcourt, Martin Haydon, Donald Hall, Phil Branson, Anna Pelham, Tillie Salinger, Grace Delmar, Katherine Stewart, Maxime Verande, La Noveta, Helen Wilton and others. Following "The Prima Donna," the Mason will offer the successful musical comedy, "The Three Twins," which was one of the big hits of last season in New York.

Next week's attraction at the Auditorium is "The Bachelor," one of the



late Clyde Fitch's clever comedies, in which Mr. Charles Cherry will be introduced to Los Angeles. "The Bachelor" is really an offset to the play of "Girls," and tells of the man, who, declaring he will never marry, nevertheless falls a victim to the charms of his stenographer. The play comes with a record of favorable criticism. Mr. Cherry having scored a large success in the part of George Goodale. Mr. Cherry's support is said to be unusually capable.

Lewis S. Stone and the members of the Belasco theater company will this week present Dumas' famous romantic

Taylor as Mile. Danglers. The management promises exceptionally elaborate stage pictures from the brush of Robert Brunton. Election returns will be read from the stage Tuesday night, between the five acts of the play. Following "Monte Cristo," the Belasco company will give the first performance in the west of Cosmos Hamilton's play, "The Master Key."

Willard Holcomb's dramatization of Augusta J. Evans' famous novel, "St. Elmo," will be given its first presentation anywhere in the west. The play will be seen first at the Sunday matinee, and will continue through the



FRITZI SCHEFF, IN "THE PRIMA DONNA," AT THE MASON

play, "Monte Cristo." In reverting to this standard classic of the drama, the management of the Belasco Theater has listened to many requests that have been made in the last few months to give Mr. Stone a chance to appear in the role of Edmond Dantes, a part which he has played in the east with conspicuous success. The production will enlist the services of the entire Belasco cast, and the assignment of characters will find Mr. Camp as Norther, Mr. Yerance as Danglers; Mr. Scott as Villefort, a part which he played in support of James O'Neill; while Miss Thais Magrane will have the role of Mercedes, with Miss Farrington playing Carconte and Miss

week, with the usual Saturday matinee. Mrs. Evans selected the Holcomb dramatization of her novel from twenty or more submitted to her, and it is the only authorized version. Many thousands of readers who know Mrs. Evans' story need not be told that it is tensely dramatic, and it is promised that the playwright has retained the best scenes. At the Burbank, Byron Beasley will play St. Elmo; David Landau will be Aaron Hunt, the blacksmith; Blanche Hall will be seen as Edna Earl, and Lovell Alice Taylor as Agnes Powell. Others of importance in the cast will include Marry, Mestayer, John W. Burton, Henry Stockbridge, Willis Marks, Frederick Gilbert, Gavin Young, Nor-

man Heap, Louise Royce, Florence Oberle and Margo Duffet.

Offenbach's beautiful opera, "The Love Tales of Hoffman," will be utilized by Ferris Hartman's company at the Grand Opera House for the week beginning with the Sunday matinee. This presentation of the opera is the result of hundreds of requests received since Mr. Hartman's return to Los Angeles. The production given last season of the work is well remembered by the thousands of music lovers who crowded the Grand Opera House for two weeks. Oscar Walch again will sing the title role of Hoffman, in which he won much praise last year, while Josephine Islieb will be heard in the three

important parts of Olympia, Antonia and Juliette. Elvia Rand again will be heard in the role of Nichlauser, Hoffman's friend, and Joseph Fogarty will repeat his fine work as Dr. Mirable. The remainder of the company will be heard to advantage in the numerous roles. The opera will be under the direction of Mr. J. A. Raynes, with an enlarged orchestra of twenty-four pieces. It is scheduled for one week only.

Beginning Monday matinee, December 5, a delegation of the real "Boys in Blue" will display the various evolutions and drills of Uncle Sam's infantry and artillery at the Orpheum. Seventeen men and a woman Red

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

## Mason Opera House

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, DECEMBER 6---ONLY MATINEE SATURDAY

## FRITZI SCHEFF

In Charles Dillingham's production

## The Prima Donna

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## ST. ELMO

From Mrs. Augustus J.  
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ONLY AUTHORIZED VERSION

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## Belasco Theater

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 6, 1909

## LEWIS S. STONE

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## MONTE CRISTO

With Lewis S. Stone in the role of Edmund Dantes, made famous by James O'Neill. TO FOLLOW—Cosmos Hamilton's great play of capital and labor. "THE MASTER KEY."

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in Acrobatic Agilities.

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## Grand Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 5, 1909.

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Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

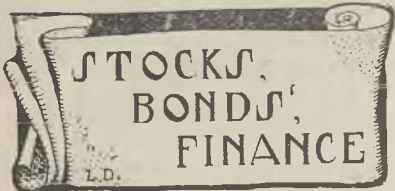
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American and Mexican Petroleum have joined with Associated Oil in leading the bull procession that continues to march around the speculative circle of the Los Angeles stock exchange. The first-named shares are mounting toward par, with the common selling at about 77 and with the preferred at least ten points higher, the middle of the week. The Doheny Mexicans also are gaining in about the same relative ratio. Associated appears to be pegged at about 51, with 60 now predicted for the stock by the time the dividend announcement is made early in the new year. There has been in excess of 10,000 shares of Associated traded in here and in San Francisco in the last sixty days, nearly all new stock offered being absorbed at higher prices.

Union and its affiliations continue soft, with these shares hardly the favorites they have been heretofore among investors in this market. There is likely to be apathy in the demand for Stewart oils unless reliable information should be forthcoming in the way of melon cutting.

Central Oil is off several points, with the cheaper petroleum not being wanted now at any reasonable price. It looks like the calm before the coming bulge probably all along the line.

In the public utility list U. S. Long Distance has taken on a new lease of life, due apparently to early long-distance Home connection between Los Angeles and the San Francisco activities. L. A. Home is stagnant, with something better in sight in market conditions after next week, at which time, while the referendum will be approved, probably, prohibiting the increase of rates allowed last February, that expected action is fairly certain to be more than offset by the ratification of the ordinance attaching to the city government a permanent public service commission.

Bonds and bank stocks remain inactive, with the exception of Associated 5s in the first-named class. A feature of the week has been the sale of a small lot of First National Bank, at 495 a share, the lowest price that security has brought in the open market in many weeks. Central National is offered at 180, and Southern Trust is marking time. Security Savings is wanted at close to its high-water mark of 400, and Citizens National is the firmest security in the banking list. Money conditions generally remain as at last reports.

#### Banks and Banking

In discussing the tendency of the Wall street banks to branch out for the business of foreign countries and the action of the large institutions to add numerous vice-presidents to supervise the work of the newly organized departments, the New York Evening Post calls attention to the thought that the office of vice-president is fast losing its old-time significance, since, in the case of many of the men recently appointed, it has been virtually understood that they are never to fill the office of president, during the absence of that official. In the banks that are large enough to have extensive foreign connections there are always one or two vice-presidents designated to assume charge in an emergency. They are usually men who have grown up with the bank, and who have received the highest technical training. The others are vice-presidents in name only, being specialists whose activity is confined to rather narrow lines. The First National Bank of Chicago met this situation some time ago by the appointment of nine managers and assistant managers to take charge of the work of special departments. That bank, which has a most elaborate organization, has only three vice-presidents. The National City Bank of New York now has six vice-presidents, the Hanover National four, the First National of New York three, the National Bank of Commerce three and the National Park three. The Bankers, the Guaranty and the Knickerbocker are among the trust companies that maintain a large executive staff. It is probable that the banks of New York will appoint additional vice-presidents

as soon as they develop their plans to obtain an increasing share of the foreign business that has so long gone to the great branch banks of Europe. Most of the new vice-presidents appointed by New York banks within the last month or two are comparatively young men, who have been identified with the successful management of some great business enterprise—not necessarily a bank—in the west.

Representative Weeks of Massachusetts, chairman of the house committee on postoffices and post roads, reports that postal savings banks are not likely to be considered at the coming session. This does not mean that President Taft will not recommend such a system of banks in his message, but it is said now that the chances are that he will agree to a postponement of the consideration of this subject until next year. One of the arguments which the President has used in connection with the establishment of postal savings banks is that the money secured through these agencies as deposits could very well be used in taking up the 2 per cent government bonds, which are a drug on the market, and which the President thinks should never have been issued at such a low rate of interest. The monetary commission is considering the problem of these bonds, and it may be that in their report they will join hands with the President in recommending the postal savings bank idea as a means of disposing of these securities. As the whole matter, however, probably will go over until next year, there will be plenty of opportunity for further conferences and decision as to the shape the legislation will take.

Horace White, who heads the Wall street investigating committee appointed by Governor Hughes, made known in an address in New York a few days ago the reason why Leslie M. Shaw resigned the secretaryship of the treasury during the Roosevelt administration. Mr. White said, addressing Victor Moravetz, who had spoken in opposition to a central bank: "The last recommendation made by Secretary Shaw as secretary of the treasury was that he, Shaw, be vested with the power to do the very thing you propose—that he should have the right alternately to raise and lower the reserve of the banks. He immediately ceased to be secretary of the treasury. Mr. Roosevelt informed Shaw that he was no longer wanted as secretary, and Shaw resigned."

New quarters are being occupied by the Los Angeles clearing house, which has moved into the Southern Trust Company building on Fourth street. The Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank began business the first of the week in its spacious new quarters on the first floor of the Central building. The safe deposit department of the institution, together with that of the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, is in operation in the basement beneath the new banking rooms. The general business of the two institutions is to be consolidated, and the Metropolitan will be moved to the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank's new location also.

Receiver J. C. Daly of the suspended bank of William Collins & Sons of Ventura has filed a report of the bank's affairs with the clerk of the superior court, upon the showing of which he has asked for an order of the court declaring a dividend of 5 per cent to the depositors. The report reveals cash on hand of \$20,000, sufficient to pay the dividend, and, furthermore, it is shown that there will remain sufficient assets to pay a dividend of 55 per cent upon outstanding claims against the assets of the bank.

According to the report of the Los Angeles clearing house association, the bank clearings for the month of November were the best of the current year, and were also the best in the history of the association. The total clearings for the month were \$62,070,974, which is a gain over last year of \$17,284,050. The total to date for the year is \$608,781,974, this large total representing an increase of more than \$155,000,000 over last year. The gain over 1907 is in excess of \$55,000,000, and that over 1906 totals \$20,000,000.

Bank clearings for the week ending at noon Thursday, and the percentage of gain over last year, are as follows: San Francisco, \$46,490,377, a gain of 9.5 per cent; Los Angeles, \$15,369,000.

## CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

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<b>COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK</b> 401 South Spring, cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$35,000.
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<b>FIRST NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.
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<b>NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN LOS ANGELES</b> N. E. cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.
<b>UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. cor. Main and Commercial	ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President. F. W. SMITH, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$73,000.00.

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a gain of 16.5 per cent; Oakland, \$2,277,436, a gain of 32.7; San Jose, \$588,307, a gain of 27.2; Stockton, \$813,378, an increase of 31.6; Fresno, \$900,733, a gain of 23.6; Sacramento, \$1,578,766, an increase of 41.8, and San Diego, \$1,053,395, a gain of 33.9 per cent.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Bids for the purchase of the Alhambra city school bonds will be received by the board of supervisors until December 20. The bonds are in the sum of \$50,000 and bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount of said bonds.

Supervisors will receive bids up to December 6 at 2 p.m. for the purchase of bonds of the Hollywood city school district in the sum of \$30,000. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum. Certified check must be 3 per cent of amount bid.

Colton citizens are considering the building of a trunk sewer system for that city, and at a recent meeting it was planned to call a bond issue for that purpose.

At a special election to be held December 18 bonds will be voted on at Huntington Park for the purchasing and maintaining of a public park.

#### Theatrical Successes for Local Stage

Theatrical fare for the coming season offers appetizing morsels for the most fastidious epicure. "Ollie" Morosco, manager of the Burbank Theater, returned to this city Thursday after a sojourn in New York, and brought with him a list of plays that promises good things. Between Morosco and Fred Belasco, his newly-acquired partner, they annexed a large number of popular successes. Frances Nordstrom, the new leading woman of the Burbank company, will open the day after Christmas in "The Girl of the Golden West," and in close succession will follow such plays as "The Thief," "The Darling of the Gods," "Rose of the Rancho," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "The Easiest Way," "Cameo Kirby," etc. The Burbank's ingenue, Miss Ethel Waldron, will make her first local appearance in a week or two.

M'sieu John Blackwood was not idle, either, during his trip to the east, by any means. He also secured a number of late plays for production, but is introducing a novel custom of putting on new plays by well-known playwrights, giving Los Angelenos an opportunity to see them before they are produced in New York. Klaw & Erlanger have sent out the scenic models for "Through a Window," Gertrude Andrews' latest play of intrigue and politics during the period of the San Francisco earthquake. A reading of the script of this effort convinces that it will be a production intensely dramatic. Another new play which will interest the public is Porter Emerson Brown's "Waste," which might be called a semi-problem play. At least two new dramas by George Broadhurst, who is making the Belasco his headquarters, will be put on before summer, and a number of others will follow. In this way Mr. Blackwood hopes to appease the never-lessening cry of the public for "something new."

Blackwood has signed Florence Reed, who became a great favorite during her short engagement here, for a summer season, and Morosco will star Richard Bennett in a number of dramas suited to the well-known Bennett talents.

#### "Talk of New York" at Mason

Victor Moore is a better exponent of the Cohanesque comedy and songs than the originator himself. Although "The Talk of New York," which is playing at the Mason Opera House for the last three days this week is not so lavishly mounted, and although the star's support is not half so good as that accorded Cohan, it seems to arouse even more enthusiasm among its audiences, and is certainly an enjoyable performance. The company is mediocre, but the star's excellent work is recompense. Moore has a boyish personality, a knack of being both pathetic and funny in a convincing manner, a voice well suited to the Cohan brand of music, and a way of reeling off yards of slang that is real comedy. Given a capable cast to further Moore's efforts, and a chorus which did not appear as though it should be home putting the grandchildren to bed, and "The Talk of New York" would be a classic of its kind.

## Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

quested to bring a gift to be distributed the day following to one of the settlement children who will be entertained with a Christmas tree by the club.

Among the well-known society folk who entertained Thanksgiving Day with dinner parties at Hotel Hollywood were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Eldridge, Dr. and Mrs. L. P. Henson, Mrs. Andrew Mullen, Miss Florence Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Smith, Mrs. L. I. Plummer, and Mr. and Mrs. Philo J. Beveridge. Following the dinner, a dance was enjoyed, and among the guests invited for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Comstock, Miss Wherry, Miss Dorothy Lewis, Misses Dorothy and Erlida Baker, Miss Myra Smith, Mr. Frank Stacy, Mr. F. W. Clapp and Mr. T. F. Tatum.

At the San Gabriel Valley Country Club a handicap mixed doubles tennis tournament will be held Saturday, December 11, beginning at 1:30 o'clock. Tea will be served at 4 o'clock.

Under the auspices of the Breakers Club of Ocean Park, an adults' children party is to be given at the Horse-shoe Pier dancing pavilion, Thursday evening, December 9. Only guests attending in costume will be permitted on the floor until after 10 o'clock. Directors are Mmes. A. R. Fraser, H. R. Gage, A. F. Webster, Bertha Nelson and Messrs. H. R. Gage, James Chalmers, H. P. Schofield, C. H. Davis and C. B. Griffin.

Among the many Southern Californians registering recently at Hotel del Monte are included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simons and Mrs. J. S. McGroarty of this city; Mr. Frank Miller, his daughter, Mrs. Alice Richardson; Mr. A. B. Benton and Mr. G. M. Stone, all of Riverside.

One of the smartest society affairs of the season will be the reception and dancing party to be given next Tuesday at the Valley Hunt Club, Pasadena, by Mrs. F. F. Rowland and Mrs. C. W. Leffingwell. Several hundred invitations have been issued for the event, and Los Angeles society will be largely represented among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins Trantum were host and hostess Saturday evening at a delightful dinner party, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. C. Caddigan, Mr. and Mrs. D. Laubersheimer, Miss Gwendolyn Lee Low, Mr. W. Irving Way, Jr., and Mr. Donald Caddigan.

Mrs. Robert A. Smith has returned from a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Claude Pearce of San Francisco.

Mrs. I. R. Thornton and daughter, Miss Pearl Thornton, have returned to Los Angeles after an absence of two years passed in Baltimore and Philadelphia. They are guests at Hotel Leighton.

Mrs. Catesby S. Thom is visiting in San Francisco for a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Francis Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place returned home last week from the east, where they have been since the latter part of August. Mrs. Wilson will be at home to her friends the first Wednesdays this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ivan People have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. H. Hellyar, 433 South Hope street.

Mrs. E. M. Neustadt has moved from Wilshire boulevard into her new home at Adams street and Western avenue. She will be at home to her friends there after December 15.

Mrs. Emily Morgan of 1112 West First street is at home after a six week's tour through the northern part of the state. During Portola week she was a guest in San Francisco of her brother, Mr. Law.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Boettcher, with their daughter, Miss Clara Boettcher, of 705 West Thirty-second street, have returned from a six months' tour of Europe. They were accompanied abroad by their son, Mr. Frank Boettcher, who

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stopped over for a few weeks' visit in Estes Park, Colo., with his brother, Mr. Lindsey Boettcher.

Mr. J. G. Warren and family of 850 South Alvarado street are back, following a trip of three months through the east.

Mrs. David Harris and son, Julian, of New York City, who are guests at the home of Mrs. J. L. Murphy, 840 South Burlington avenue, will receive their friends the first and second Tuesdays in December.

Mrs. George Alfred Miller and her daughter, Miss Emily Huntington, have returned to their Pasadena home after an outing trip of three months in the north.

Mrs. E. G. Howard and Mrs. Herbert D. Requa, who recently were hostesses at a reception at the Ebell club house, received Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Howard, 837 King street.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. Payne of Oakland are visiting here for a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Corwin of the Hotel Alvarado.

Miss Mabel Stewart was a weekend guest of her stepfather and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Church, who recently moved to Redlands to make their home. In her absence, Miss Stew-

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NO. 14,842—ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY  
ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE  
SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, in the matter of the Estate of John Cowan, deceased. It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 31st day of December, 1909, at 10:00 o'clock a.m., of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, Department 2 thereof, in the Court House, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator of said estate to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Graphic, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

JAMES C. RIVES,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated, December 1, 1909.

art was a guest at the country club dinner-dance, one of the smartest of the mid-winter society events in Redlands.



## At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

Cross nurse are numbered in the turn, and the act is said to be valuable because of the accuracy and worth of the performance. Lulu McConnell, who has a reputation as a comedienne, comes with Grant Simpson in a comedy by Lester Lonergan, "A Story Hour," which depicts the affairs of a troubled married couple. Bobby Pandor is said to be the best specimen of physique in the world, his only rival being his brother, who combines with him in his act next week. These give a series of gladiatorial poses in a specially designed cabinet set. The Tempest and Sunshine Trio consists of three clever girls, who are billed as "cute, cunning and coy." Seligman & Bramwell in "The Drums of Doom," Lockwood & Bryson, the Bounding Gordons, and the Bootblack Quartet remain another week. The Elks, with their "White Squadron," will give a huge theater party for Lockwood & Bryson Monday night.

### Asides

Compared with Lewis S. Stone, the Sphinx is a prattling ingenue. Mr. Stone will talk in edifying fashion and discourse wittily on any topic—save himself. When one endeavors to pin him down to personalities, he changes the subject with a twinkle in his eye and a sly smile. This must be disconcerting to an interviewer, but it is an encouraging rarity in an actor, particularly an actor who is before the public to the extent Mr. Stone has attained. However, by devious questionings, it has been ascertained that he has been on the stage only since 1901, and never was forced to undergo the agony of being a "super." "I might have become a bookkeeper or a real estate dealer, or entered any one of those callings, where a man may starve to death with grace and aplomb, had it not been for an accident," Mr. Stone confided the other day. "My people have been connected, more or less, with the stage, but the idea of becoming an actor never entered my mind until one day when I was visiting my aunt in Belleville, Canada—years and years ago, when I was a young man. The manager of one of the theaters called during my visit, in great mental distress, because his 'heavy' had taken French leave, with disastrous results to the company. He was in despair—he had to have a 'heavy,' and I was the sacrificial lamb. I played a short engagement with him, packed up my traps and returned to New York, with no lingering desire to repeat the experiment. Some time later, an obscure manager wrote me that I had been recommended as a good heavy, and offered me a chance. Well, I casually took advantage of the opening, gradually working up to better engagements, and the awful deed was done—I became an actor; at least some of you good people are kind enough to put me in that class. I think the stage is a mighty good place for the man who takes himself and his work seriously. For the right kind of chap, it has no more temptations than other walks in life—it all depends on the temperament, anyhow. I act for a living—that's the sum of it all. I like the work—I like to play a lead with good character possibilities. I must confess that these juvenile leads, where one's only worry is to be sure he is shaved, that his trousers are creased and his shoes polished, do not especially appeal to me—but even in such a part, a man has to work in order to give his public a good performance." That's sensible "patter" from a man, and is one phase of Mr. Stone's character that makes his personality likable and compelling. His family life he keeps entirely out of public view, declaring that it is a part of his existence which belongs to himself alone. And the matinee maids, who have long wondered what that mysterious "S" represented, may have their curiosity set at rest. The full glory of it is "Lewis Shepherd Stone."

Harrington Reynolds and Mary Elizabeth Forbes, who are playing at the Auditorium this week, are regarded as "home folks" by Los Angelans. Reynolds was a favorite member of the old Neill company for several seasons, and Miss Forbes, who is a niece of Eddythe Chapman-Neill, made her debut at the Burbank several years ago.

A list of the actors and actresses who have at one time trod the boards at the Main street playhouse would include many of the famous and well-known names in American theatricals.

Among the theatrical pictures in a popular magazine of this month appears an excellent likeness of Miss Thais Magrane. However, the charming photograph is underlined as that of Miss Thais Lawton, who is now playing at the New Theater. Perhaps the fact that Miss Magrane and Miss Lawton are cousins may account of the mistake.

### Domesticated Electricity

Of the educational movements along the lines of advanced ideas, that which has for its purpose the popularization of electricity for agricultural, commercial and domestic purposes, is bearing the most concrete results, so far as Southern California and its people are concerned. It is scarcely more than two years since the Southern California Edison Company began its campaign to introduce the electric flatiron into the homes of the people of its district. As a direct result of popular education in this one branch of "domesticated electricity," over 50,000 electric flatirons are now in use in Los Angeles and the cities and towns of Southern California.

The place that electric flatirons have taken in the household simply serves to illustrate what will result when a better understanding is acquired by housewives of the freedom from household drudgery, which will be brought into their lives by the beautiful modern cooking appliances. During the past season the electric coffee percolator, which makes delicious coffee at its place on the dining room table, the electric toaster that stands by your plate, and turns out crisp toast, the electric water boiler that boils eggs while your coffee is making, the electric griddle that bakes cakes on the table, and the electric chafing dish that is ready at the turn of a button to get luncheon for the callers, have taken their place in hundreds of homes, which are supplied with electricity by the Edison service.

The activity of the Southern California Edison Company in fostering the application of electric energy as motive power for shops and manufacturers is already having a perceptible effect in increasing the industrial activities of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Monrovia, Redlands, Santa Ana, Orange, Fullerton, Anaheim, Long Beach, San Pedro, Santa Monica and Ocean Park, and up the coast as far as Santa Barbara. The motor is replacing steam and gasoline.

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### For Golfers at Del Monte

In the early days of golf in the United States, a professional with the broadest Scotch accent was considered as indispensable an adjunct of a country club as a highball. But nowadays, there are several excellent golf instructors of American birth and training. Mr. H. R. Warner, manager of Hotel Del Monte, has just engaged to fill the place of the late Jim Melville, a young American, 23 years of age, L. F. Berrien, who began his golf career in the old course of the Hotel Green at Pasadena. When the Green links had to be given up on account of the increased value of the land, Berrien went to the newly established Annandale Golf Club, where he remained for eighteen months, with A. Naylor, an English professional and an excellent instructor, under whom Berrien served a four years' apprenticeship as a clubmaker. Leaving Pasadena, Berrien staid for two summers at the Auburn Park Golf Club, Chicago, with A. Naylor and George O'Neil. In 1908 he was at the Beverley Golf Club, Chicago. Berrien has at Del Monte a shop at which an ample stock of clubs, balls, bags and other paraphernalia of golf is kept, and will also take charge of repair work. His shop is in the golf club house, which has been much improved. The locker room has been greatly enlarged, supplied with a stove, and adorned with golf photographs. A porch has been added to the front of the club house, the increased accommodations of which will be appreciated highly by the golfers who frequent Del Monte. Arrangements are being made to hold a golf tournament on the links, Friday, December 31, and Saturday, January 1. There will be handicap match play competitions for the Del Monte cup for men and for the Del Monte cup for women. The qualifying rounds in each event will be over eighteen holes, medal play, and the match play rounds also over eighteen holes. Suitable trophies will be presented by the management of Hotel Del Monte.

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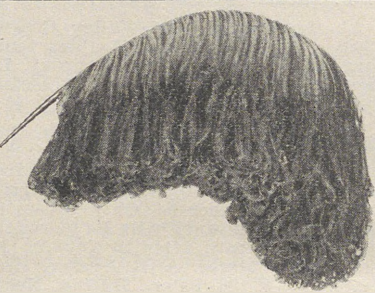
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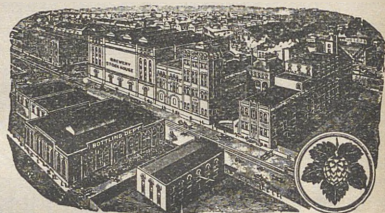
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at  
Los Angeles, Cal., November 2, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William Hopkins Wyle, of Santa Monica, who, on February 1st, 1908, made homestead entry No. 11587, Serial No. 04114, for E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 and Lots 6 and 7, section 19, township 1 South, range 16 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica; Frank Machado, of Santa Monica; William H. Shirley, of 303 E. Jefferson street, Los Angeles; Herman Knorr, of 2025 West Lake street, Los Angeles.  
FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Date of first publication, Nov. 6, 1909.

lor and George O'Neil. In 1908 he was at the Beverley Golf Club, Chicago. Berrien has at Del Monte a shop at which an ample stock of clubs, balls, bags and other paraphernalia of golf is kept, and will also take charge of repair work. His shop is in the golf club house, which has been much improved. The locker room has been greatly enlarged, supplied with a stove, and adorned with golf photographs. A porch has been added to the front of the club house, the increased accommodations of which will be appreciated highly by the golfers who frequent Del Monte. Arrangements are being made to hold a golf tournament on the links, Friday, December 31, and Saturday, January 1. There will be handicap match play competitions for the Del Monte cup for men and for the Del Monte cup for women. The qualifying rounds in each event will be over eighteen holes, medal play, and the match play rounds also over eighteen holes. Suitable trophies will be presented by the management of Hotel Del Monte.

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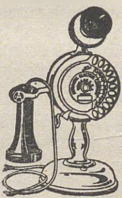
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